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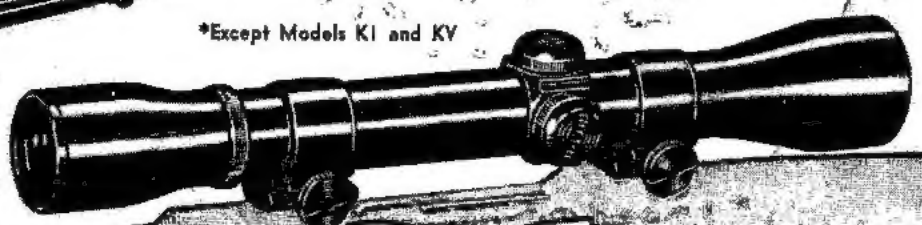

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AFFILIATED NATIONAL HOTELS

March-April, 1959
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Whole No. 32

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, President, American Historical Association for 1958.

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Cover: "End of the Trail for a Buddy," by M. B. Cole

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What is TRUE WEST?

WE are going into new country with this issue of *True West* and the following issue of our other magazine, *Frontier Times*. To you new readers who are wallowing around between the pages, trying to figure out just what in the dickens is in your hands, let me tell you what we're *trying* to do. This is the publisher, Joe Austell Small, rambling. I'm better known as "Hosstail" among my friends. I hope you'll be my friend—even after reading this "turrible rag."

We believe the TRUE story of our Old West to be far more interesting, exciting and, of course, educational than the typical rip-roaring "western." We are not a history magazine. You can't sell history books on the newsstands. Perhaps you would call our magazines "popularized history" to some extent. We are striving for the accurateness of the historical journals plus the fast movement of good fiction. We believe that history does not necessarily have to be dry! So we are attempting a "marriage" of historical accuracy with the fast moving, dramatic story that is generally associated with good fiction today. Can it be done successfully? You be the judge.

We haven't reached our standard of perfection as yet. We haven't reached the ultimate in authentic detail. But we shall. We are right now in the process of organizing an EDITORIAL RESEARCH BOARD composed of the top experts in this country on EVERY PHASE of the Old West. When that is accomplished, we hope to put out a really *good* magazine—with fire, snap, the fast movement of a young colt on a winter morning—and yet hold to authentic detail as the NUMBER ONE goal. The fact that these stories will be as accurate as is possible for expert research by top authorities to make them will not take from their entertainment value. We are told by other editors that people merely want to *believe* their articles are true.

Our convictions are that a good story is infinitely more interesting to readers as a whole if they KNOW it is true.

We are told that we have established a new type of Western journalism—a new trend of popular, authentic appreciation for the Old West. We do know that this new fad, or approach, is growing in fantastic proportions. We hope to grow with it. With your help and support, we shall—fast!

THE idea behind *True West* and *Frontier Times* was conceived when I was twenty years old—going to school in Fort Worth, Texas. I was in the office of a bank president one day (don't ask me why!) when he reached back into a bottom drawer of his desk and pulled out a western "pulp" magazine.

"You write for these," he said in an accusing tone.

"Yes," I answered.

"Proud of it?"

"No—but I need some extra money to get through school."

"I read them at night—go to sleep that way. I like them, but they insult the intelligence of a ten-year-old. Joe," he looked me straight in the eyes and banged the pulp down hard on his mahogany work bench, "when is somebody going to publish a Western magazine that a man can leave on his desk!"

I never forgot the sincerity in his eyes nor those words during the following hard years of my writing life. Eventually, they were the cause of my venture. Maybe I have not succeeded yet—but I shall—I think. So if you ever see a copy of *True West* or *Frontier Times* on anyone's desk, let me know, will you?

It is a shame that when the word "Western" is mentioned, most people smile and think of trashy literature. We want to change the meaning of that word. We have no bone to pick with good western fiction. Certainly it has its place—and a very good place at that—

(Continued on page 36)

"All I said was the Indians win a battle in this picture."

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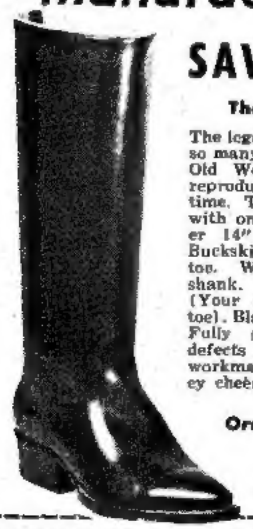

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WERE you ever proud and scared at the same time? We are—at least, old "Hosstail" is!

I started out in this dad-burned publishing game years ago by turning out 5,000 copies of *Southern Sportsman*, my own little brain-child. I thought it was a masterpiece. It was—it should be a textbook on what *not* to do in publishing. Anyhow, we starved and we bled and we sweated. But the worse thing of all is that I contracted a disease in those early days of publishing that has kept me from making a good living ever since. The professional term I think is "Lapublicationitis"—the publishing disease. It hits you so hard you even get sadistic—you can watch your wife and kids slowly die from malnutrition while you're laying out the next issue of *Hogscratchers Gazette*. You're broke, but you'll get it out—even if it has to be printed on toilet paper!

Well I remember being frightened out of my last pair of air-conditioned jeans by 5,000 copies on that first issue. That's a whole lot of magazines, getting right down to it—especially if you and your wife have to "hand mail" them out like we did.

Now when I think of 240,000 copies per issue—and, especially, of 480,000 magazines (which will be the combined print order on this issue of *True West* and the following issue of *Frontier Times!*)—well, a kind of icy hand grasps my innards and it feels like a dizzy bee is crawling back and forth across my hunkus!

What caused all this ruckus is the fact that Kable News Company in New York got interested in distributing both magazines nation-wide—200,000 copies of each. The additional 40,000 copies of each magazine represents our subscribers and the et ceteras. We had first thought we would start out at 150,000 each (I mentioned this number in the last issue) but Kable did not feel that this was sufficient to cover the country adequately, so we're going "whole hog" and letting that dizzy bee go plumb loco!

Everybody thinks we are ready for "big time." Maybe so, but still I look at that old bank roll, think of how many thousands of dollars will go into the printing bill alone each issue (we used to operate a year for less than that!) and the icy hand starts squeezing again . . .

It's not that I'm scared—it's just that 480,000 magazines are so dad-blamed many to eat if they don't sell on the stands!

So "save us again," folks! Honestly, I believe if we ever grow up to where you don't have to "save" us about once a year, you'll lose interest completely! Actually, this step will do more to effect what we all want than ten years of regular plodding. Thousands of you have written in saying you went to from five to fourteen newsstands and couldn't find either magazine. More thousands have written in, saying your friends east of the Mississippi couldn't find either magazine. They sure couldn't! We have been distributing only west of the Mississippi thus far—growing slowly at first, then spurting along pretty good. Lately it seems that both magazines are catching fire all over. So, if ever there was a time—this is it!

So you dry-gulchers back our draw again—please sir! As I say, we've got cold feet clean up above the knees, but if these magazines are wanted and needed, they've got to be where people can get them, and so we've got to make this gamble. It's the most critical period in our publishing history—for a fact! We're afraid of the East. Until the people find out that we aren't just another Western

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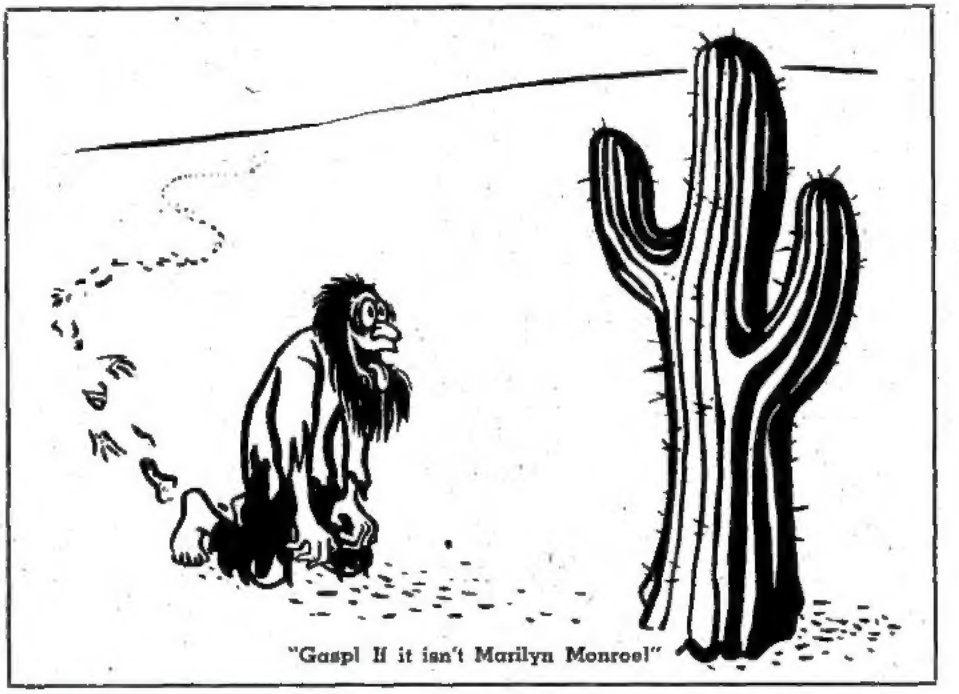

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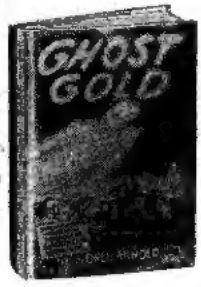

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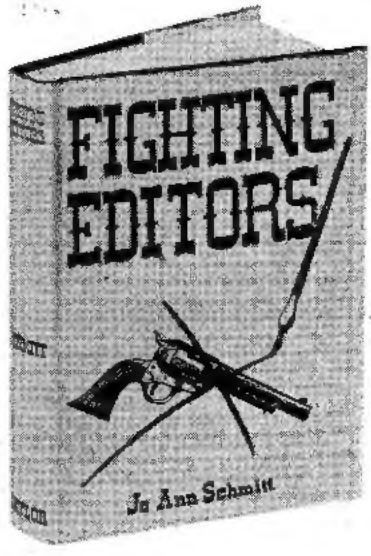

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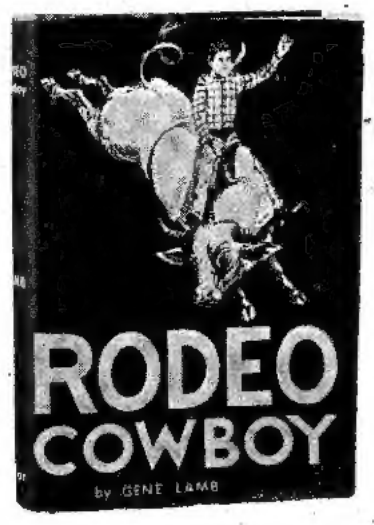

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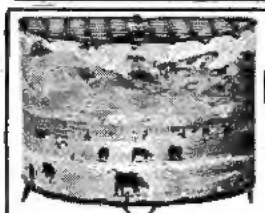

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Truly Western

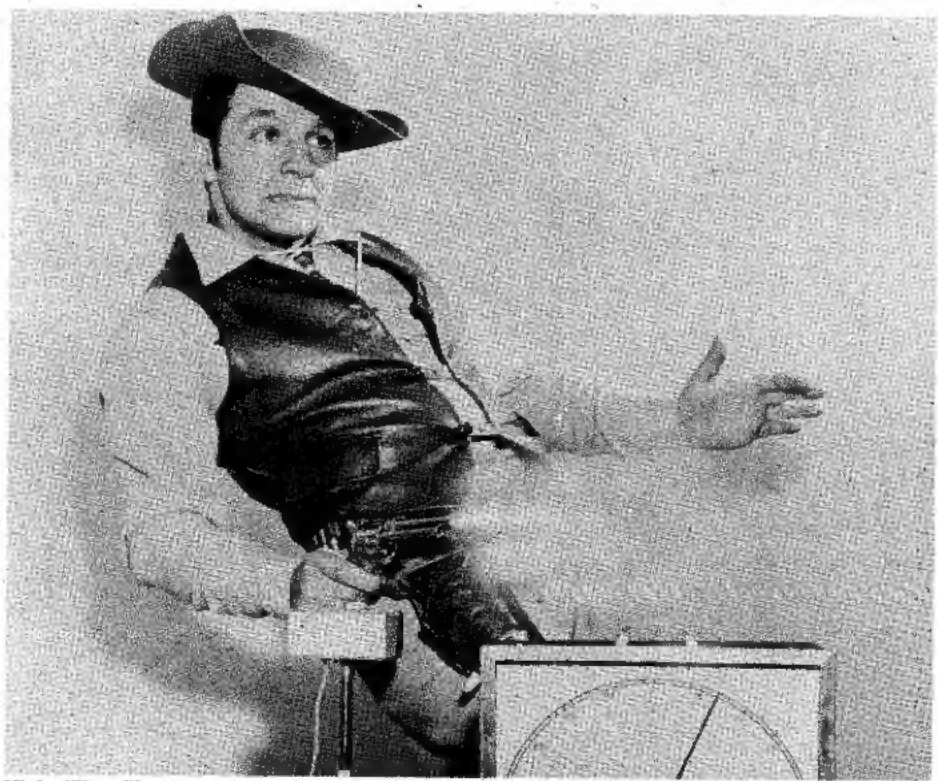
World's Fastest Draw?

Dear Editor:

I have said before and proved many times that I am the world's fastest gun draw. I don't just claim to be—I AM! I have displayed my skill to most of the top gun artists and TV stars. You will be seeing me soon in movies with Jim Arness and Hugh O'Brian, who play Marshal Dillon in *Gunsmoke* and Wyatt Earp in *The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp*.

Already I have appeared a number of times on TV. All I need is more publicity to get really rolling on television, and I hope you will give me a lift through the "Truly Western" column of your fine magazine. So far most of my publicity has been confined to the Los Angeles newspapers, which have carried notices of my thirty-four personal appearances and thirteen TV appearances.

Doubtless there will be those among your readers who will doubt my claim of being the fastest gunslinger in the world. The proof is in the photographs accompanying my letter, showing the electric timer "stopped" at seven hundredths of a second upon completion of my draw. I have developed a unique method of flipping gun from holster that enables me to save seconds over the conventional type draw. My thumb action is also unique. I have challenged the leading gunmen of motion pictures and television, but can't find one of them who dares risk his reputation by drawing against me. Recently, since fast gun-drawing can be extremely dangerous, I have had my hands insured for $100,000 with Lloyd's of London.—Nick Nicastro (The Shooting Shoemaker), 12903 Venice Blvd., Mar Vista 66, California.



Nick (The Shooting Shoemaker) Nicastro demonstrates his lightning draw. The meter records the seven-hundredths of a second draw.

You mean to say, Nick, that all those crack gunslingers on TV who can drill a gnat between the eyes at forty paces refuse to draw against you? And here we were just thinkin' how lucky Wes Hardin and Wild Bill Hickok and all those oldtimers were by not havin' to go up against these fellers!

Old-timers' Corral

Dear Editor:

Doc Harrington shore pried up Hell and put a chunk under it with his article "I'm Sick of Lost Mines!" After thirty-five years of mining, prospecting and grubstaking prospectors, I can understand how Doc feels about them. About ninety per cent of lost mine yarns start like this: some fellow finds a rich piece of float and never finds the ore body; the story starts and magnifies as time goes on and you have another lost mine.

Certainly there ARE lost mines. The best bet is Mexico and our own Southwest, because both areas were Spanish territory and the old padres covered them up when things got rough. You can also bet your life there is buried treasure, both in the United States and in Mexico. Post-hole banks, hidden treasure trove, etc. Many have been found—but most of the finders were too smart to blab about their good fortune. I, personally, know of one such find.

In 1925, over in New Mexico, a young "windmill man" for a big cow outfit found an unburied treasure that netted him something over $30,000. This kid's job was to ride a line of watering places,

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see that the troughs were full and the pipelines unclogged. One of his stopping places was at a large spring in a little valley, a camping spot for all who passed that way on an old trail. Over the years, hundreds of travelers must have passed that way without making the staggering discovery this kid did.

Near the spring were some big boulders, among them a blackish one. The lad noticed this boulder, examined it closely, and saw that it was lead. Curious, he built a fire in the hope of melting it and turned in. Next morning he noticed that the boulder had softened and run considerable but hadn't melted down. Kid-like, he decided to cut his initials in the lead. Under his knife, the boulder showed yellow. Still he didn't tumble to the fact that he had stumbled onto a small fortune in gold. He cut off a few small slivers, stuck 'em in his pocket and forgot about them. Two days later he showed them to a friend at the home ranch. This feller knew gold when he saw it. They got a wagon, hurried back to the spring and got the boulder.

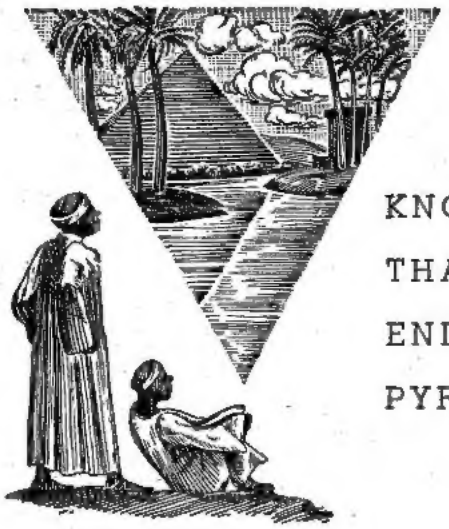
I knew this young fellow's father and also personally talked to the lad. The old *Western Story* magazine ran a piece about this find in a 1925 issue. Furthermore, a check of old church records reveals that the padres sometimes used this method of shipping their gold back to Mexico; smelting their bullion up and pouring molten lead over it, making a rough ball of several hundred pounds weight.

The ironic part of this particular find is that this golden boulder had lain out in plain sight for a couple hundred years and nobody ever noticed that it had been smelted at one time. It's a sure bet that no mining man or prospector ever happened to spot it.

Lost Mines—that's in another canyon. The name is misleading. I myself have "lost" several over the years, found rich float but was never able to locate the parent vein. Believe me, it's a frustrating experience . . . . Just because pay ore may be found on the surface or float doesn't mean that you have a mine. You *may* have a mine—and then again you might not even have a good prospect. There have been small fortunes taken out of a twenty-foot hole—and then again, hundreds of feet of work has not paid off. A man working for me once took out $1,500 in a wheelbarrow for a morning's work. A 200-foot shaft never paid off on the same ground, hit a lot of low grade ore but no more rich kidneys. It's all a gamble. Unfortunately, the day of the little mining man is gone in this country. With present-day high prices of camp supplies and machinery, he's licked before he starts. Still, the whole idea of lost mines is fascinating and will lure men to take a chance as long as time exists.

I remember one time in the Sheep Mountain Range in southern Nevada, searching for a lost lead mine named the Bullets or the Callan Lead after its discoverer back in the sixty's. My partner and I came down out of the high mountain late in the afternoon and camped on a bench in a wide canyon. I gathered a few small boulders for a fireplace grill. After supper we kept the fire going awhile before turning in. Next morning I was sleepily raking the ashes out of the fireplace to make a breakfast fire, when something woke me up in a hurry. On the side of one boulder—the side next to the fire—there was a sprink-

(Continued on page 58)



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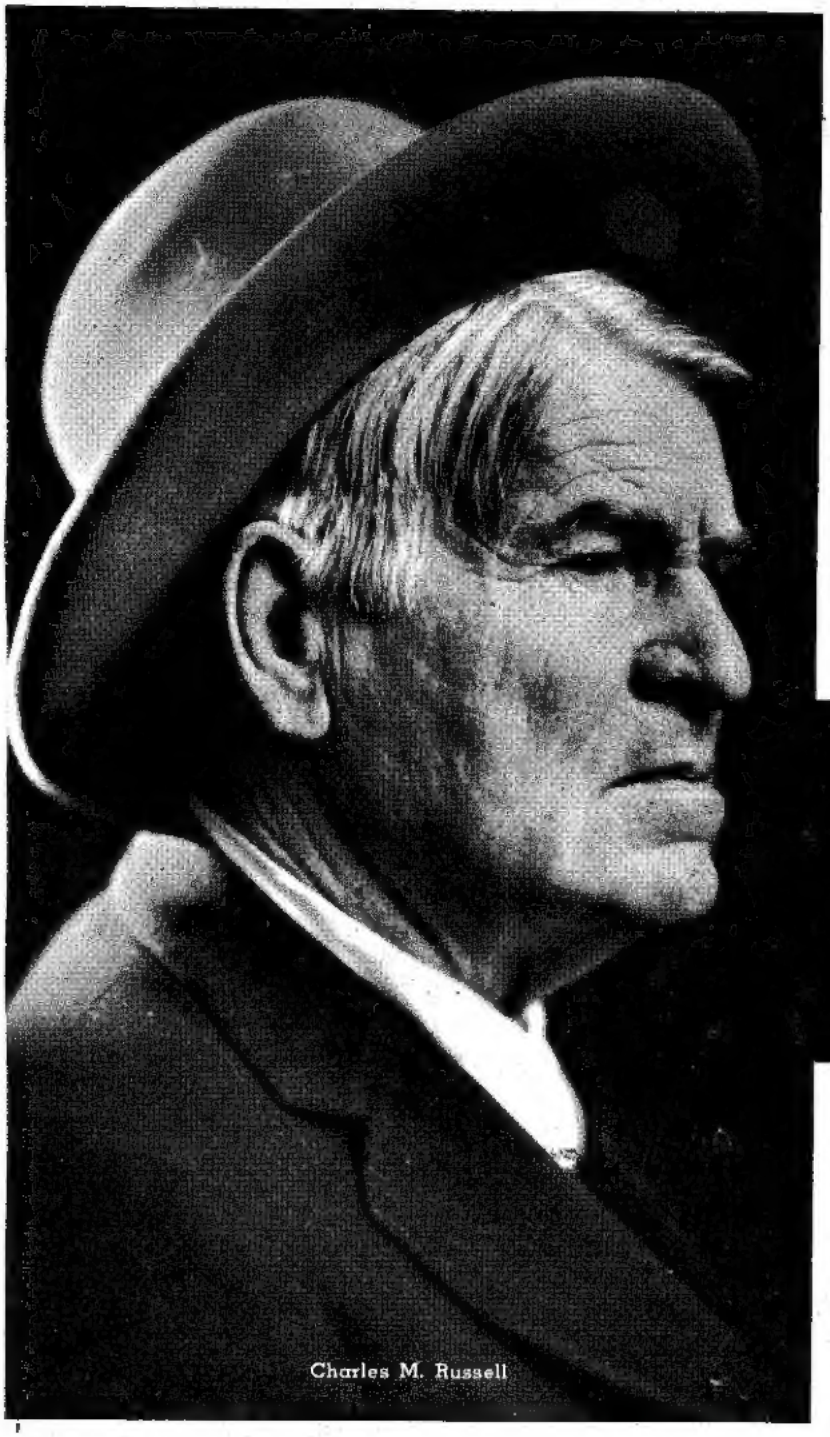
A horse-drawn hearse rattled over dirt roads on its way to the burial grounds outside of Great Falls, Montana. A great entourage of people followed it. At the head of the procession, a mounted horseman led a saddle horse carrying an empty saddle. The mounted man was sculptor Charlie Bell. The saddle horse he led belonged to the still figure in the horse-drawn hearse, and that death-invested figure was the great cowboy artist, Charles Marion Russell.

It was at Russell's request that the horse-drawn hearse was supplied, although other members of the procession rode in automobiles, with the exception of Horace Brewster, cattleman, who was also astride a saddle horse and who had hired Charlie in the early days as a horse wrangler.

At this final parting in October of 1926, people from all walks of life came to say good-bye not only to a master portrayer of the old West, but to a master of the art of friendship. These hundreds of people were the friends of a great friend. Will Rogers, Irvin S. Cobb, William S. Hart numbered among the honorable pallbearers. Indians, cowpokes, gamblers, saloon keepers, children, artists, cattle ranchers, pugilists, nobility, millionaires, school teachers, librarians, race track touts—all classes, all creeds—stood in silent obeisance as Charlie was laid to eternal slumber.

But the Russell those people knew was never buried, for he has never been forgotten in his adopted state of Montana. Thirty-three years after his death, he is still one of its most celebrated citizens. He still makes front page news in its papers. A statue honoring him was scheduled for unveilment this spring in Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C., the first statue Montana sends to honor any state dignitary. The largest exhibition of Russell's work the art world has ever known was held at the National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., last fall.



Charles M. Russell

WHAT was there about this man that made him not only a great artist, but a great human being? Charles Marion Russell, sixty-two years old at his death, was an individual in a state that still places a high premium on individuality. He bowed to no man; nor was money ever his god. His friends were his treasures. Strong in his likes and dislikes, he was an outspoken man who did not highly value his own talent or works. He felt God should be given credit for man's talents—not man.

Born in 1864 in St. Louis, Missouri, of a gentle, fun-loving mother who was a gifted story-teller and of a cultured father whose business was the fire brick and tile making industry—Parker-Russell Fire-Brick Company—Charles Marion was the third of six children, five of them boys. Certainly Charlie was the most precocious of the lot. His sole preoccupation from childhood was the West. His great uncle, William Bent, first white settler in Colorado who founded Bent's Fort, was his hero. Like Bent, and his Westward trekking brothers, Charlie too would go West.

The environment the Russells knew was such to feed the fires of that desire. St. Louis had been the hub of the fur business. It was still a terminal for mountain men, trappers and gold seekers—the place where Indians, "hibernants"—to borrow from Walt Disney's Andy Burnett—and military rubbed elbows.

Steamboats that would eventually dock at Fort Benton, Montana, whistled and smoked at its wharves. Excitement, color, glamour, sordidness, allure—what other things in life could better claim the attention of a fourteen-year-old boy, especially one who was "all boy?" Never school—a drudgery that shut out the sky and imprisoned the soul within walls when winds from the West slapped the levee waters and buckskin-clad men talked of buffalo and beaver.

The truant that was young "Chaz"—a family nickname bestowed to distinguish him from his father, Charles Russell, Sr., according to biographer Harold McCracken, haunted the levee, the stables, the smithies, watching the wagon makers, harness makers, the outfitters, the horses, mules, oxen, the laboring darkies, the gunsmiths, gamblers, gay ladies—standing on toes that belonged to itchy feet ever aching to hit the westward trail.

Known and loved as a great artist throughout the world, Charles M. Russell's friends and followers in Montana insist that he was the

PLOTS were devised whereby Charlie and his friends would run away from home, but when executed, these plots brought little success. As the boy's sixteenth birthday approached, his parents, aware of Charlie's heart's desire and frustrated in their efforts to attain for him success at art school—(where he lasted only a few days) or at military academy (where he stayed only briefly), gave permission for his westward flight.

Charlie was allowed to accompany a friend who owned an interest in a ranch in the Judith Basin in the Territory of Montana. The world of art was affected by the parents' decision as no one then would ever be able to imagine, even in wildest fancy.

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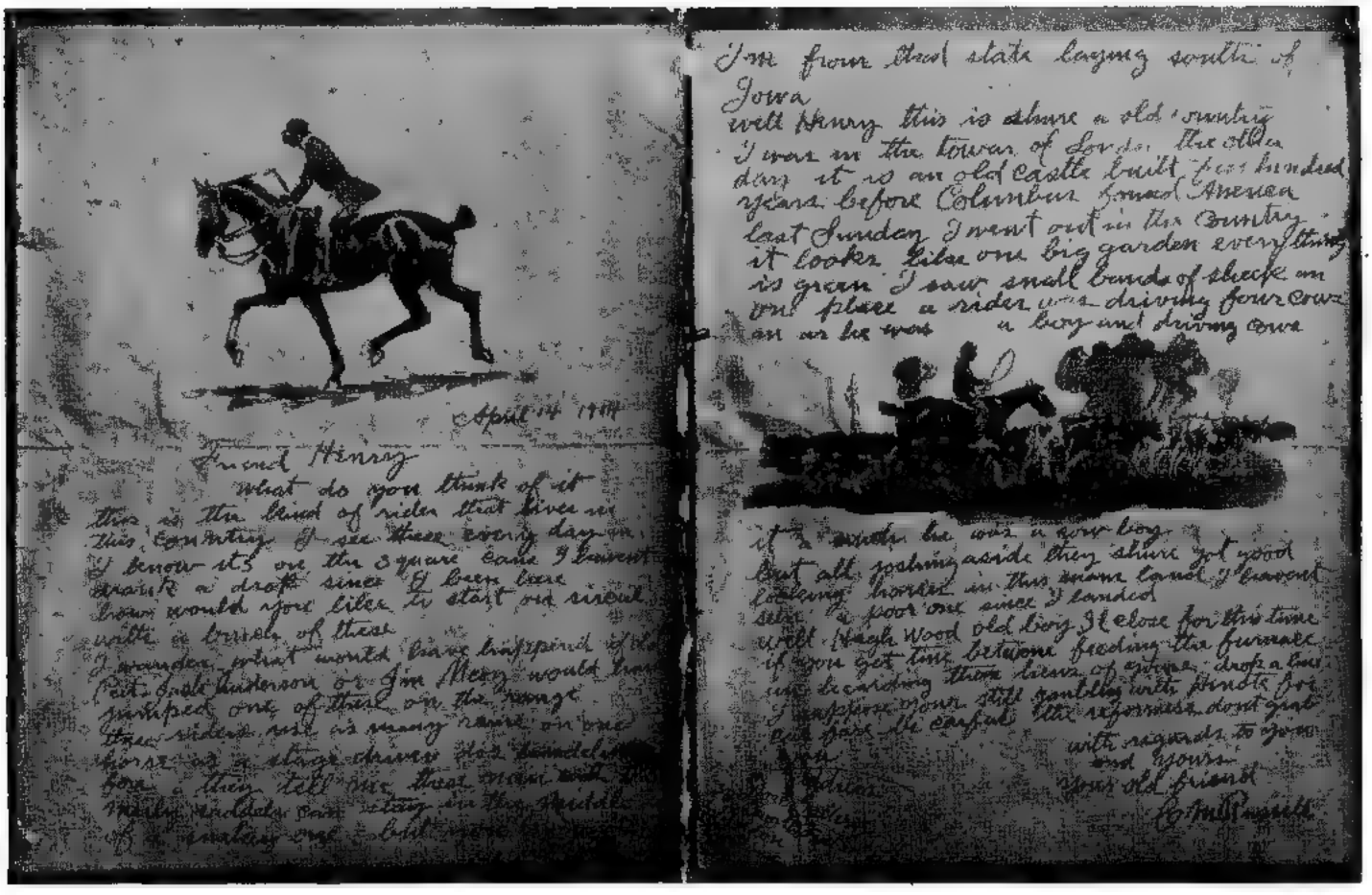

April 14 1914
Friend Henry
what do you think of it
this is the kind of rides that lives on
this country I see these every day in
I know it's on the square cause I invent
them a drop since I been here
how would you like to start on circuit
with a bunch of these
I wonder what would have happend if
Pete Dale Anderson or Jim Merry would have
jumped one of these on the range
these riders use as many ranes on one
horse as a stage driver has handels on
his four then tell me that man with
I'm from that state laying south of
Iowa
well Henry this is shure a old country
I was in the tower of London the oldest
day it is an old castle built four hundred
years before Columbus found America
last Sunday I went out in the country
it looks like one big garden everything
is green I saw small bands of sheep in
one place a rider was driving four cows
on an he was a boy and during cows
if a man he was a poor boy
but all joking aside they shure got good
looking horses in this warm land I havent
seen a poor one since I landed
well Hagh Wood old boy I close for this time
if you get time between feeding the furnace
drop a line
with regards to you
and yours
your old friend
Charles Russell

Copy of a letter written by Russell to Henry L. Keeton, Stanford, Montana.

As westward had gone the wagons, westward went Charlie via train on the Union Pacific rails. Leaving the Union Pacific at Ogden, Charlie and his companion, Pike Miller, boarded the Utah & Northern Railway as far as the little construction camp at Red Rock in Montana Territory in that year of 1880. On to Helena—Last Chance Gulch—by stagecoach they went, and on to Judith Basin by horseback.

"Supreme Master of WESTERN ART"

By 'TANA MAC

Photos Courtesy the Author

It was in the surroundings of the Judith Basin that Charlie's career as cowboy was to take shape. His companion, Pike Miller, owned sheep, but the youthful "Kid Russell," hating sheep, let them wander away, and he soon wandered away, too, a stray without home or friend. He was found by trapper-hunter Jake Hoover, who took him to his log cabin abode and fathered and befriended him until the boy was ready for the wide open prairies that were to receive him as night hawk—a herder of cattle or cavvy of horses until the daylight hours hit the high rim-rocks.

For over a decade Charlie earned his wages as night herder. For six months out of one year, he lived as a blood-brother of the Bloods of Canada, a fact which has led Larado Taft and Jessie Lincoln Mitchell, famed sculptors, to call him "White Indian." Over a span of fifteen years, until his marriage to Nancy Cooper, native of Kentucky, Charlie lived and enjoyed the free, wild, reckless life of the cowboy. But throughout these years, every day was punctuated with a practice in art, whether he was moulding little figures in beeswax or wielding a brush. The unconscious artist in him was applying Charlie's hand at some mode of creation. Those hands, which Dr. H. G. Klemme was to call "educated hands," were teaching themselves.

Said Bill Rance of the Silver Dollar Saloon in Great Falls—and Bill was Charlie's close friend for years: "Charlie modeled so much that it sometimes got on my nerves. At night, Charlie'd lay in bed with his hands hangin' down close to the floor. Pretty soon he'd bring up some little animal he'd made. When I'd get tired, I'd say, 'Aw, hell, Russ, forget that stuff. Let's get some sleep.' But I don't think there was a mornin' when we got up in that room in the back end of the Canary Block that there wasn't some kind of little animal settin' under the edge of the bed."

"Lewis and Clark Meeting the Flatheads," shown left, is an oil painted by Russell in 1912 and depicts the exuberance of the Indians at the meeting when they gave food and water to the expedition. The 25' x 12' painting hangs in the House of Representatives in the Montana State Capitol at Helena. At the right is a Russell buffalo scene depicting a view at the confluence of the Sun and Missouri Rivers on the outskirts of Great Falls.

COW waddie that he was, Charlie resented the invasion into cow country of the nester. He wanted the West to remain the unfenced, open cattle country that he had known and loved. But before his eyes he witnessed a changing era, and the change brought bitterness to his heart. But that bitterness, when whetted by nostalgic longing for the old days, helped greatly to enhance his canvasses.

That which Russell had seen he remembered, and with his indefatigable memory, he preserved on canvas the old life. His efforts are masterpieces in the world of art. Witness "Jerkline" —a magnificent oil of the ten-span wagon team of his freighter friend, Johnnie Matheson of Belt. "In Wake of Buffalo Hunters" shows the Indian women following the trail of the braves, the canvas capturing their proud beauty and independence of spirit. Movingly beautiful, too, are "Signal Fires," "Sun Worshipers," "Where Great Herds Come to Drink," a lovely canvas painted in 1901, and "Bronc to Breakfast," which is fast action that wins a cowboy's heart.

To learn something of a man and his personality, one has only to read a compilation of Charlie's letters sent out to friends with no thoughts of publication—letters compiled after his death by his widow, Nancy (whom he had married in 1896), in the volume *Good Medicine*. The letters are quaint, humorous, philosophical, with a depth that seems gargantuan.

As an example of Charlie's unconscious poetic writing, here is an excerpt of a letter written to E. I. Holland, Philipsburg pioneer who knew intimately the early mining camps: "... the great horned owl in the seaders (cedars) at intervals asks who no one knows so receiving no answer he keeps it up all night and at day brak flies away in disgust but returnes the next night with the same question its to bad someone cant tell him."

To artist Ed Borein he wrote: "If hosses were health Id comb the range and trim every band I knew Youd go to the end of a long long trail with a top hoss under you."

And old-timers never cease their praises of his fine ability as story teller and conversationalist. Even Will Rogers, Jr., testifies that his father, famed for his wittiness, kept still when Charlie was around, in order to listen and laugh. Russell's speech and stories drew men to him like flies to honey. His stories, according to his photographer friend, Hildore C. Eklund of Great Falls, weren't always parlor-room stories, but when ladies were around, Russell was equally skilled at adapting his speech to please their ears.

THERE was a bigness about Russell—a magnanimity of spirit—that allowed no ounce of jealousy in his make-up. He was quick to praise the works of contemporaries like Remington. Of Charlie, protege Joe DeYong states: "Russell was the quickest man to praise others in his field of any artist I have ever known." And he was generous in instructing others, as DeYong will testify.

Sculptor Curt S. Dennis of Great Falls tells this account of his youthful association with Russell. Endowed with artistic ability, Curt longed to sit in the Russell studio and watch the master at work. And Charlie greatly loved children, so the young were always welcome. But Nancy, concerned that her husband would be distracted, often frowned at youthful visitors and on this particular occasion told young Curt that Mr. Russell was very busy and should not be disturbed.

When Nancy had retreated to the house, Charlie opened the studio door a crack and whispered to the young Curt: "Go hide in the lilac bushes out back. Mame (Russell's pet name for Nancy) will be going to town in a few minutes, and you can sneak in!"

This same generosity he bestowed on Montana artist Ace Powell when as a young boy Ace sketched with Charlie at Bull's Head Lodge, Charlie's summer home in Glacier Park.

"Boy," Charlie said to Ace, "that horse looks different to you where you sit from what it does to me. Never let someone else's work influence you. Always draw what you see, like you see it." Ace says he never forgets this advice.

Charlie liked to help any man do what he wanted, for he himself felt fortunate doing as he wanted, earning a living at the painting and sculpturing that had become his life's work.

The story of Nancy and Charlie's struggle for recognition in the art world is well known. To her go the laurels for their financial status. To her goes the credit for Charlie's application of self, for according to his living friend, frame-maker and western artist Jack Wryn of Great Falls, "Nancy kept Charlie's nose to the grindstone. Most of his buddies were glad they weren't married to her. I guess maybe some of us thought he lived a dog's life, but at least Nancy's insistence that he work daily at the easel paid off, for he knew fame and wealth, two things he would never have achieved without her. Yet neither made Charlie happy. He was just a cowboy's cowboy at heart, content to give away his creations. His great generosity kept him penniless in earlier days."

To Nancy, Charlie always bestowed credit. Harold McCracken, in his new book, *The Charles M. Russell Story*, quotes from a passage in the Rawhide Rawlyns stories in which he credits Charlie as deftly referring to Nancy when he has a character say: "It's the women that make the men in the world. I heard an educated feller say once, 'n it's the truth, that 'a man's goin' to hell or heaven, if you look in the trail ahead of him you'll find a track the same shape as his, only smaller; it's a woman's track. She's always ahead, right or wrong, tollin' him on. In animals, the same as human, the female leads' . . .

"If you ever run buffalo, you'll notice the cow meat's in the lead. With wild horses, the stallion goes herdin' 'em along, snakin' and bowin' his neck, with his tail fagged; from the looks you'd call him chief, but the mares lead to the water hole they've picked out."

Above, a photo of Russell's good friend, Young Boy, a member of the Crees, who often posed for Charlie. The Buffalo skull is a sad reminder of the good old days when buffalo supplied the food and clothing that maintained the Indians' Utopian existence before the invasion of the white man. Upper right, are Nancy Russell and Charlie at their log cabin in Glacier Park; and, below, are the Russells with friends at Glacier Park.

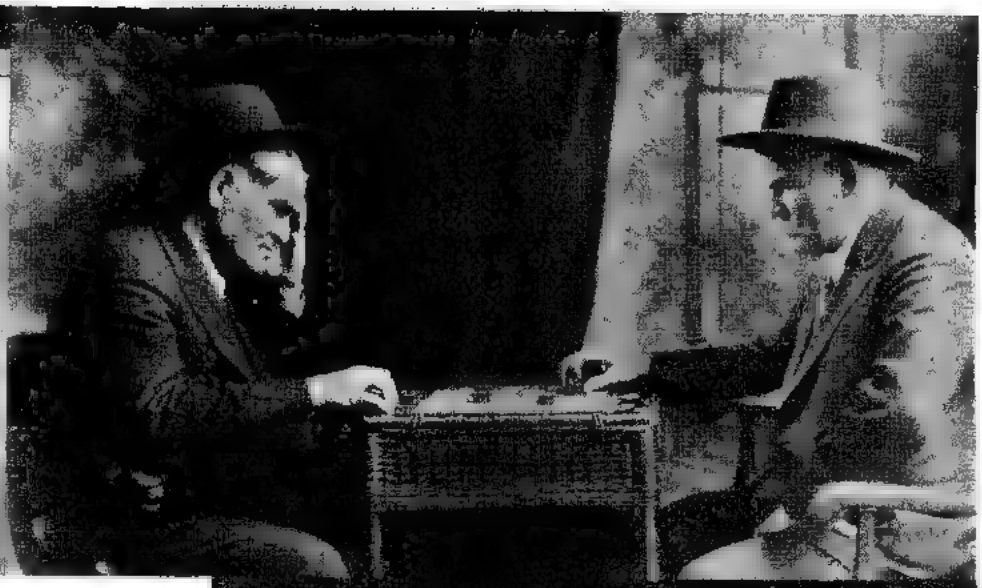
It was Nancy Russell who walked the streets of New York searching for patrons for her husband's work, visiting editorial offices, hunting down clues of those interested in regard to possible acquisition of her husband's paintings. She was an untiring worker whose faith in her husband's greatness never wavered. When success was her reward, the tremendous sums she received for some of her husband's works caused Charlie to refer to them as "dead man's prices."

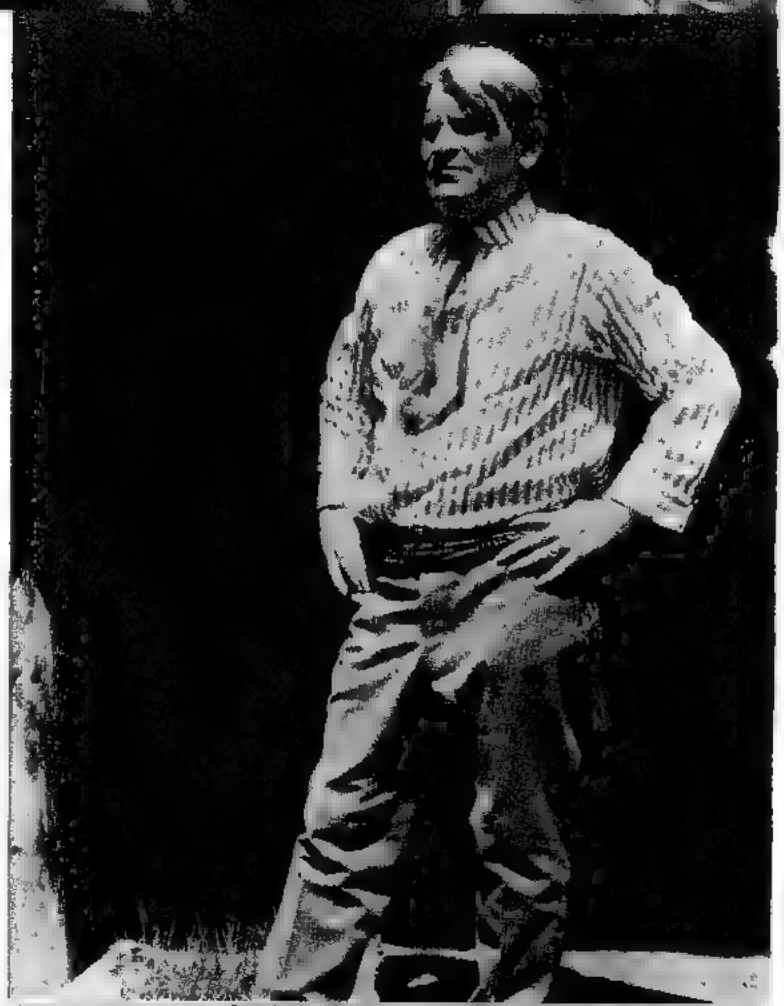
BY the year 1911, when Charlie was granted his first official one-man show at the Folsom Galleries on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, New York, the Russells had truly "arrived." The cowboy artist was featured in stories carried in the *New York Times* and the *New York World*. Journalists tried to describe him, but perhaps the best description of him was written by his wife, when recalling, for the biographical note she wrote for *Good Medicine*, her first meeting with him:

"His face was Indian-like, square jaw and chin, large mouth, tightly closed firm lips, the under protruding slightly beyond the short upper, straight nose, high cheek bones, gray-blue deep-set eyes that seemed to see everything, but with an expression of honesty and understanding. He could not see wrong in anybody. He never believed anyone did a bad act intentionally; it was always an accident. His hands were good-sized, perfectly shaped, with long, slender fingers. He loved jewelry and always wore three or four rings. They would not have been Charlie's hands any other way. Everyone noticed his hands, but it was not the rings that attracted, but the artistic, sensitive hands that had great strength and charm. When he talked, he used them a lot to emphasize what he was saying, much as an Indian would do."

That same year of 1911, with acknowledgement again due his clever wife, Charlie was commissioned to paint for the House of Representatives in Montana's State Capitol Building at Helena the work that is hailed by many today as his masterpiece, "Lewis and Clark Meeting the Flathead Indians at Ross Hole." This painting, twenty-five feet, one inch by eleven feet, eight and one-half inches, but trimmed to fit the particular wall to twenty-four feet, nine inches by eleven feet, seven and one-half inches, is breath-taking in action, characters, authenticity and atmosphere.

An intriguing true story is told by most of Russell's biographers, as Ramon F. Adams & Homer E. Britzman in *Charles M. Russell*, about the plight of one of Charlie's earlier efforts in painting. A pugilist friend of Russell's, "Doc" Flynn of Butte, the mining city, gave Charlie a good tip on a prize fight between Stanley Ketchel and Jerry McCarthy in Charlie's home town of Great Falls.





Left, artist Ace Powell of Hungry Horse, Montana, whom Russell helped when Ace was a boy. The Powells live in Glacier Park. Above right, trick photography by photographer H. C. Eklund of Great Falls shows a pair of Charlie Russells, taken just before Russell died. Right center, a revealing study of Russell. Below, his studio in the good old days, showing one interior wall.

"Bet your money on Ketchel," advised Flynn, who was going to serve in Ketchel's corner although McCarthy was the favored fighter. Charlie, unknown to Nancy, bet several hundred dollars he could ill afford to lose on Ketchel, and the latter won by a knockout. Charlie cut Doc in on his winnings, and gave him an oil painting to boot.

A few years later, Flynn was broke in San Francisco. He heard of a French artist and decided he might sell Charlie's painting, expecting to acquire a few dollars for it.

"I'll give you four fifty," offered the artist.

"No," said Flynn, thinking the man was speaking merely in terms of dollars. "Make it five and the picture is yours."

The sale was transacted, but the artist paid five hundred dollars for the painting, not five dollars. Flynn was thunderstruck, he related to friends like Dr. J. F. Lhotka of Butte.

BY 1920, Russell was at the peak of his career, oil paintings like "Salute to the Robe Trader" selling for $10,000 and several other canvasses going for similar amounts at Nancy's hands.

Then followed ill health, and, some intimate, perhaps more prodding from Nancy than was good for the failing man's constitution, for the great man longed for the luxury of lethargy.

In 1926, Russell was operated on for goiter at Mayo Hospital in Rochester. The verdict was bad. He was told the truth—unknown, so he thought, to Nancy—that his days were numbered. She, too, had been told the truth, unknown to him. She was beside him when a heart attack claimed his life on October 24, 1926. An entire world mourned his passing. The triumphant secret of his life which his friends never forgot was his great friendship for his fellow men.

Today, works by Russell sell for $30,000. With the years, his position in the art field grows loftier. Thousands of people saw his largest exhibition of works last fall at the Smithsonian Institution. The Historical Society of Montana had sent fifty-two of his art works, the Trigg-Russell Gallery in Great Falls, fourteen; Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, Tulsa, Oklahoma, twelve; the Hammer Galleries in New York, one hundred and fourteen, and the Frederick Renner collection of Washington, D. C., twenty-four. With the viewing of this vast collection, the fame of the cowboy artist expanded.

Thus Russell continues to make Western history thirty-three years after his death, he who said, "Life has never been too serious with me. I lived to play, an' I'm playin' yet. Laugh an' good judgment have saved me many a black eye, but I don't laugh at others' tears."

Rough, tough men, coarsened by years in the sun and saddle, grow soft at the mention of Charlie's name. In the West, he is venerated by the cowmen who still ply the trade he knew. He left them a legacy of which they are proud. He left them a record of the West's yesteryears.

Illustrated by Charles Phil Hexom

When Booger Red Rode The Man-Killer Grey

By J. FRANK DOBIE

I have heard that somebody is writing a book about Booger Red. Few people in his lifetime knew his baptismal name and fewer know it now, but the name Booger Red lives on. He may not be worth a whole book, but any man whose tradition stays green for fifty years is worth at least a biographical sketch. It has been almost that long since I saw him ride a bad pitching horse. This was before rodeos were organized as they are now, and Booger Red was going about the country with a wagon, two or three helpers and several horses giving exhibitions of bronc pitching. The fee for spectators might have been as high as four bits. I forget.

This story about a ride he made and the horse he rode is not mine. The by-line belongs to Joseph J. Good, who used to be a Texas cowboy and who is now writing his reminiscences. He has given me permission to publish this episode. He was at the Fort Worth Stock Show about 1898 when he saw the horse and the man. At that time the arena was a patch of prairie land on which some corrals had been built. The spectators were in buggies, on horses, on foot. There were no stands of seats. When a horse came out of the corral, he had the whole country to pitch in.

Suddenly a dappled grey horse about fifteen-and-one-half hands high, weighing around 1,000 pounds, that had been roped inside the corral broke through or over the plank fence and was out where everybody could see him. But the roper held on to the rope and with help soon choked the struggling horse down. Then a saddle was put on him while he was held down, men rolling and pulling him around so that it could be girted up. A very young man, just a boy, got into the saddle, taking the reins, as the horse was allowed to rise. In a flash the grey was upright. In another flash he had "bogged his head" and was pitching as hard as a cornered tiger fights for life. His motion was one jump forward and the next jump a zigzag in which he writhed all the muscles of his body. That close-cuppled body was beautiful, the short back, rounded hips, beautifully proportioned neck and legs all magnificently muscled. The sun brought out the dapples in his sleek grey. His mane and tail flowed with his powerful movements. His head, broad between the eyes, bore little resemblance to the jug-heads of some demented outlaws. He looked like a top cutting horse—except for the whites of his eyes.

As he pitched there on the Fort Worth prairie he seemed to put increasing power into his fierce zigzags, but the boy on his back kept a perfect seat, pulling hard on the reins, for maybe forty feet. Then, as suddenly as if he had been shot by a bullet, he dropped down over the grey's left shoulder. By the time he reached the ground the grey had plunged forward far enough to kick him a full blow in the chest. The horse seemed to step on him, bearing down with full weight, and to kick him with one movement.

AMONG the explanations that followed, one was that the left stirrup leather broke, another that the string lacing the stirrup leather broke. The way the rider fell indicated that something beyond the action of the horse had detached him suddenly and completely from his firm, balanced position in the saddle. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when

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Old-timers remember the day well—the day Booger Red jumped atop that killer horse. It may have been the greatest man-vs.-horse duel in Western history

The Mountain Meadows

The strange and controversial story of "one of the most lamentable tragedies in the history annals of the West"

DOWN in the desolate Mountain Meadows Valley of southern Utah there is a stone wall enclosing the burial ground for the remains of an emigrant party murdered there. Off the beaten path, the spot is seldom visited. In the lonely silence of this area now stands a monument with this inscription:

No. 17
ERECTED 1932
MOUNTAIN MEADOWS
A FAVORITE RECRUITING PLACE
ON THE OLD SPANISH TRAIL
IN THIS VICINITY SEPTEMBER 7th, 1857, OCCURRED ONE OF THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIES IN THE HISTORY ANNALS OF THE WEST. A COMPANY OF ABOUT 140 EMIGRANTS FROM ARKANSAS AND MISSOURI LED BY CAPTAIN CHARLES FANCHER, ENROUTE TO CALIFORNIA, WAS ATTACKED BY WHITE MEN AND INDIANS. ALL BUT 17 SMALL CHILDREN WERE KILLED. JOHN D. LEE, WHO CONFESSED PARTICIPATION AS LEADER, WAS LEGALLY EXECUTED HERE MARCH 23rd, 1877. MOST OF THE EMIGRANTS WERE BURIED IN THEIR OWN DEFENSE PIT. THIS MONUMENT WAS REVERENTLY DEDICATED SEPTEMBER 10, 1932, BY THE UTAH PIONEER TRAILS AND LANDMARKS ASSOCIATION AND THE PEOPLE OF SOUTHERN UTAH

Orson F. Whitney, in his *History of Utah*, 1892, says: "The massacre was not only a crime against the Arkansas emigrants, but a crime against Utah, against the Latter Day Saints (Mormons), who have borne for years the odium of a deed for which they were in no way responsible, and which they have never ceased to regard as a public calamity."

TO attempt to explain why the emigrant train of the Fancher party was wiped out involves a combination of many circumstances. Other emigrant parties passed through Utah in 1857 unmolested and all were able to secure fresh supplies for the hazardous journey on westward. Most took the northern route over the Sierras. Only the Fanchers met tragedy, and they probably were the first to go by way of southern Utah.

Other factors entered, all related to this terrible tragedy. From its beginning, the Mormon Church was beset with violence, opposition and persecution, both in Missouri and Illinois, with the mob spirit of the non-Mormons riding unrestrained. When the tables were

The militiamen turned quickly upon each man walking at his side and shot him down. The enlisted Indians leapt into action from their places of ambush.

Massacre

By KATHRYN D. GROESBECK

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

turned, the Mormon-hating Governor of Missouri brought in the militia to proceed against the Mormons, saying: "They must be exterminated or driven from the State."

Shortly afterwards occurred the Haun's Mill massacre in Missouri. Haun's Mill was about twenty miles south of Far West. Here a few families of Mormons were camped before continuing their journey farther. In the afternoon of October 30, 1838, a company of 240 men, commanded by Nehemiah Comstock, struck at the little settlement and slaughtered nearly a score of unoffending Mormons. Men, women, and children were shot, their bodies mutilated, their camp plundered, and their horses and wagons driven off. The dead bodies were thrown into an old well. When one boy begged for his life, one of the murderers said "Nits make lice," and blew out the boy's brains. Some of the few who survived the awful butchery, though almost riddled with bullets from the rifles of the assassins, remembered that, and twenty years later it was recalled at the Mountain Meadows.

ALL the area around Far West was overrun by maurading bands, shooting, burning, and pillaging wherever Mormons were to be found.

Forced to flee, the Mormons moved to Illinois and there built their city Nauvoo, the Beautiful, on the eastern shore of the Mississippi. As the years passed and their numbers and prosperity increased, again opposition set in. Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, was arrested and charged with being an accessory to an attempt to murder the ex-governor of Missouri. After his release and at a still later date, several Mormon leaders were arrested on the charge of treason and put in jail at Carthage, Illinois, under the promise of protection.

Then on June 27, 1844, while the governor of Illinois was at Nauvoo haranguing the Mormons on the enormity of the crime committed in destroying a press, a mob of about 200 men stormed the Carthage jail and murdered the Mormon leader Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. After the slaughter, the murderers paused only long enough to send more bullets into the lifeless body of the Mormon leader.

Fear of retaliation was expected, but none came. The killers were never punished.

Then both groups, Mormons and anti-Mormons, made appeals to higher authorities, the Mormons for their rights as citizens of the United States, and the anti-Mormons for the expulsion of the Saints from Illinois. An agreement was finally reached. The Mormons were told they would not be molested if they would agree to leave the state by spring. They agreed. By that time Brigham Young had replaced the martyred Joseph Smith as leader.

But before spring came and before the Saints had any opportunity to realize anything from their holdings, mobs of anti-Mormons, ignoring the recent

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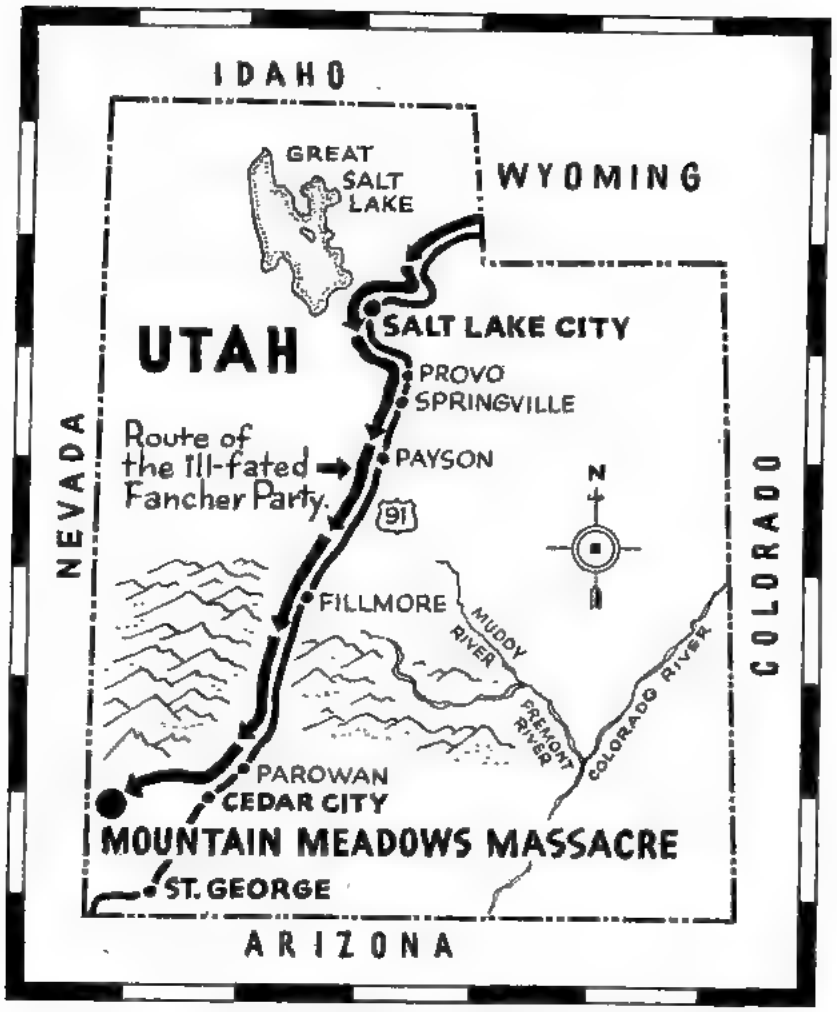

Map by Lowell Butler

promise, again committed such atrocities that all Mormons were forced to flee for their lives. In one week nearly 200 houses, shops, and sheds were destroyed in one area and the people driven away

THE big exodus then followed with Brigham Young leading all his people westward. By February 20 with the temperature twenty degrees below zero, some 800 families had given up all in their city of Nauvoo, had crossed the Mississippi River of ice, and had gathered for their final move to the wilderness of the West. (A grandfather of the writer of this article was among those who sacrificed all.)

Near the present city of Omaha the Mormons established winter quarters. With many poorly equipped because of their great losses to the ruffians, and with many others starving, death took a heavy toll at this camp. Six hundred died and were buried.

In the summer of 1846 Brigham Young had displayed his loyalty to the United States Government by sending forth the Mormon Battalion of 549 souls to aid in the Mexican War On October 13 Colonel Philip St. George Cooke assumed command, leading the Mormon troops in a march from Missouri to the Pacific, a distance of 2,000 miles.

With the loss of so many men in the Battalion, the body of the Mormon groups remained for a time in the Indian lands, making preparations for the journey to the West. Then, in the spring, Brigham Young led his followers to his new Zion and in July, 1847, established Great Salt Lake City. Other parties of Saints were soon to follow, with some of the Battalion members returning from California to Utah just a few days after the first arrival of their people in Zion.

Then, with colonizing a vast area his aim, Brigham Young sent out groups of families to establish settlements in all of Utah where there was a source of water available.

But conflict still persisted. The Mormons wished to govern themselves. Federal officials were sent by President Buchanan to be in charge. Misunderstandings followed. Adverse reports against the pioneer leaders were made and false charges sent to Washington until President Buchanan, without ever thoroughly investigating, decided the Mormons were in a state of insurrection and in 1857 dispatched to Utah some 2,500 soldiers.

As it happened, July 24, the Utah holiday, had come round and the pioneers of the Salt Lake Valley had gathered with their wagons loaded with camping outfits to celebrate on the banks of Silver Lake at the head of Big Cottonwood Canyon. While the gaiety was at its height, there rode into camp A. O. Smoot, J. L. Stoddard, Porter Rockwell, and Nicholas Groesbeck (great-grandfather of the husband of the writer) with the staggering report that an army was on its way to put down the *rebellion* in Utah.

WHITNEY in his history says: "The avowed purpose of the government in sending troops to Utah was to give the new civil officials a *posse comitatus* to secure and maintain for them the offices to which they had been appointed, and not, as the Mormons maintained, to make war upon the people, destroy or drive them from their homes. This was

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Below, John Doyle Lee (designated by "X") just a few moments before he was executed by a firing squad on the exact site of the Mountain Meadows Massacre in Utah. Right, the body of Lee shortly after the execution in 1876. Photos Courtesy of George D. Wolle.

I FOUND $128,000!

By E. E. KIRKPATRICK

Photos Courtesy the Author

Officer indicates hole from which was dug one-gallon jug containing $28,600 ransom.

03511770	03538109	03564798
03516016	03538207	03564799
03516025	03538224	03565491
03516048	03538270	03565506
03516100	03538294	03565528

Author Kirkpatrick (top) and Charles F. Urschel (middle) at Portland, Oregon, to search for buried kidnap ransom money December 4, 1934. Bottom, a portion of the F.B.I.'s list of serial numbers on the ten thousand $20 bills used for Urschel's ransom.

"Machine Gun" Kelly, shown at his trial for the kidnapping of Urschel.

WHEN I delivered, at the point of machine guns, $200,000 ransom money for the release of my friend, Charles F. Urschel, I entertained little hope of recovering any of the money. In fact, I was dubious of again seeing Urschel alive.

The gangsters' instructions were emphatic and pointed. Accordingly, I delivered the Gladstone bag containing 10,000 twenty-dollar bills to George "Machine Gun" Kelly and Albert Bates at sundown, July 30, on Kansas City's fashionable Linwood Boulevard.

Not only did Urschel return safely, but since that day I have helped recover approximately $128,000 of the identical bills I had passed to the kidnappers in Kansas City. Practically all this money had been found buried in thermos jugs and fruit jars, hidden in lonely places. The story of its recovery makes quite a tale.

Always for me, buried treasure has possessed great fascination. Boyhood days in Texas filled my mind with stories and legends of fabulous fortunes in buried Spanish gold, of wagon trains of silver bars suddenly cached by Spanish mine owners or caravan leaders upon the approach of hostile Indians. I have seen lost treasure maps purporting to come from descendants of early pioneer Spanish explorers. Always the maps had high peaks carefully outlined; trees, springs, waterfalls and other clear guide posts leading to the place where the treasure was buried. It was always so simple—on the maps!

Often I have ridden into my ranch gates in Texas in early morning and observed deep holes dug during the previous night close by some big live oak or near some jagged peak, evidence of that vast army of unconquerable optimists who forever cling to the frail hope of unearthing a pot of gold and thereby achieving at one stroke a lifetime of financial security. I've learned just how slight their chances are. Since helping dig from the ground a fortune in buried ransom money, I'll never again search for buried treasure unless accompanied by someone who actually helped plant it. No map or second-hand information will ever again tempt me to squander time or effort on such a wild venture. One incident in our search for the Urschel ransom money convinced me of the utter futility of such endeavor.

A fascinating "inside" glimpse of the most famous kidnapping case ever to occur in the West

CHARLES URSCHEL was kidnapped from his home in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, on July 22, 1933; the $200,000 ransom money was paid July 30. Urschel returned home the night of July 31.

Within ninety days of that date, sixteen persons were convicted and given prison terms ranging from life to two years. On September 26, the tireless federal officers located and recovered $73,250 in thermos jugs and an old molasses can on the cotton farm of Cass Coleman, near Coleman, Texas. Cass Coleman is a relative of Katherine Kelly, wife of George Kelly, and he knew exactly where the money was cached. He led us directly to the money. Later, for his part in the conspiracy, Cass served a term in Leavenworth Prison.

This $73,250 constituted the bulk of the money George and Katherine Kelly received as their part of the Urschel ransom payment. Both received life sentences, as did Albert Bates, Harvey Bailey and R. G. and Ora Shannon. Bates en-

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Baby Doe (Elizabeth McCourt) Tabor.

Baby (Lillie) Tabor—24 months old.

Once she lived in luxury, the beloved wife of a wealthy "Silver King"; yet she died destitute, sustained only by a dream. This is the strange "Ballad of Baby Doe"—the

Silver Queen

By KAY McDEARMON

Photos Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

LEADVILLE, Colorado, never had a stranger or more fabulous character than this withered old lady. Obviously destitute, she tied burlap around her legs to shield them from the chill mountain air, and lived alone in a shack at the deserted Matchless Mine. In the early 1930's she left it only to hobble into town to buy stale bread.

Yet forty years before, she had been one of the richest women in the United States.

For she was the once-beautiful Baby Doe (Elizabeth McCourt), first mistress, then wife, of Colorado's famed "Silver King," H. A. W. Tabor. At the height of his spectacular career Tabor was reputedly worth $100,000,000. One mine, the Matchless, was bought by Tabor in 1881 for $117,000 and netted him $10,000,000, paying $100,000 a month at times. Tabor spent money at a rate commensurate with or even exceeding his vast income. As a United States Senator in Washington in 1883, he spent an estimated $10,000 a day.

Tabor, a greying fifty-two, and his honey-haired bride, twenty-eight, were married at a lavish Washington wedding embellished by rose-garlanded champagne buckets and a floral centerpiece six feet high. Baby Doe was elegantly gowned in fur-trimmed white satin. The groom's gift to his second wife, a $90,000 necklace, contained jewels supposedly pawned by Isabella to aid Columbus. Among the celebrities in attendance were President Arthur, cabinet members and fellow Senators.

For the honeymoon back to Denver Tabor engaged a private train, packing a $1,000 silk nightshirt with solid gold buttons.

Baby Doe originally came to Colorado on her first honeymoon. Her mother was enchanted when gay, blue-eyed Lizzie, her favorite of fourteen children, married into the prosperous Doe family and left Wisconsin dreaming of a fortune. Scarcely more than a year later, "the belle of Oshkosh" was completely disillusioned with both her lazy husband and their unproductive Central City gold mine.

IT was in Central City that Baby Doe—as the miners christened her—first heard of handsome Lieutenant Governor Tabor and his fantastic wealth. After her divorce the curvaceous beauty moved to Leadville, determined to meet him. Learning that the "silver king" regularly dropped into a restaurant near the Tabor Opera House during intermissions, she took a table there and waited.

Tall, flashily dressed Tabor had hardly entered when his restless eyes fell upon Baby Doe. Immediately, he scribbled a note asking her to join him. Between sips of champagne she told of her unhappy marriage and of Jake Sands, a clothing merchant embarrassingly generous to her.

Tabor unhesitantly wrote a draft for $5,000, so the story goes, suggesting that she give Jake $1,000, and buy a few clothes with the remainder. Baby Doe was understandably impressed. Shortly after, her mustached hero moved her to a

Left, the magnificent Denver Tabor Grand Opera House, shown sometime before 1889. Above, the Honorable H. A. W. Tabor, when lieutenant governor of Colorado.

Clarendon Hotel suite, conveniently joined by catwalk to his opera house.

Horace was still married to his prim, straight-laced wife, Augusta. A quarter century before, he and his bride had struggled to eke out a primitive existence on their Kansas homestead. When gold was discovered in Colorado, they made the hazardous journey by ox cart across the plains with their infant son. There were long, lean years chasing the pot of gold from one settlement to another. Augusta, often the only woman in camp, toiled from dawn to dusk, feeding the miners. Finally, Tabor opened a grocery store in Leadville, grubstaking others.

One day in 1879 he lent two ragged German prospectors seventeen dollars, in exchange for a third interest in their findings. After boring down only twenty-six feet, they struck high-grade silver ore. The first ton from their Fryer Hill mine brought $800. Only a few months later, the Little Pittsburg was employing fifty men, and grossing $20,000 a week.

After this strike, Horace began speculating wildly, particularly in mines. He built much of Leadville with his mounting fortune. He apparently couldn't lose. Old-timers cited a popular yarn to illustrate his phenomenal luck. "Chicken Bill," a shrewd swindler, salted a mine with rich ore from the Little Pittsburg, sold it to Tabor for $1,000 and quickly left town. The fraud was discovered by Tabor's miners, but they continued to dig. Just below the fake plant, they struck a $3,000,000 vein!

IN 1880 Horace invested extensively in Denver real estate. His favorite project was the Tabor Grand Opera House. An impressive five-story brick and limestone building, it cost $1,000,000 and featured mahogany from Honduras, cherry wood from Japan, and marble from Italy. For his frugal wife he purchased a luxurious mansion.

Augusta, who preferred a Spartan existence, was shocked at this display of affluence. She refused to remove her cow from the front lawn or give up milking it herself. She was equally adamant about wearing expensive gowns or jewelry. "Rings," she told her wealthy husband, "would only get in the way of my needle." But what distressed Augusta most about their new riches was Horace's gambling and philandering.

That fall he arranged a suite in his fashionable Windsor Hotel in Denver for Baby Doe, deluging her with all the luxuries Augusta spurned. It is said that one day Augusta visited Baby Doe, tearfully begging her to leave Horace.

"He lost interest in all the others. He will lose interest in you, too," she predicted.

But Tabor informed Augusta that he wanted to marry his latest sweetheart. Finally, his wife agreed to a divorce. But in the courtroom she wept loudly and inconsolably.

Denver socialites sided with sharp-tongued Augusta. After Tabor and Baby Doe married, they ostracized the new bride, striking an unanticipated, stinging blow to her social aspirations.

The scandal also slashed into Tabor's popularity. The Republican Party would not support him for the regular Senate term he coveted. Instead, the legislature appointed him to an unexpired thirty-day term. Despite vigorous campaigning and enormous party contributions, "The Grand Old Man" was never again able to win even a nomination for public office. And in the *Denver Tribune's* editorial pages "Ex-Senator Night Shirt" was mocked unmercifully by poet Eugene Field.

Meanwhile, the newlyweds lived extravagantly in a Capitol Hill mansion, the bride matching carriages and horses to her costumes. Every time she attended the Tabor Grand Opera House, lilies sent by her adoring husband surrounded her white satin box. After performances the Tabors entertained such renowned stars as Lillian Russell and Sarah Bernhardt at champagne suppers.

The devoted couple were traveling to Leadville to entertain General Sherman when Baby Doe announced her pregnancy. Horace ordered champagne for all the crew of his private train, and later distributed a hundred gold coins proclaiming the impending event.

NO baby was ever born with a shinier silver spoon in its mouth. Little Lillie was christened in elaborate, handmade garments valued at $15,000. *Harper's Bazaar* sent artist Thomas Nast of Tweed Ring fame to sketch her.

A second daughter, fancifully named Rose Mary Echo Silver Dollar (the last two being added when William Jennings Bryan commented, "That baby's laughter has the ring of a silver dollar"), fared almost as well.

One hundred peacocks, imported by the doting father, strutted on the fenced lawn to entertain his little girls.

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"We were all a pretty mean bunch. I just happened to be the one who carried the warrant," said Dee Harkey, author of

"MEAN AS HELL"

By MONK LOFTON

Author's Note:

Any time you see a bunch of old men huddled together on some downtown street corner in Carlsbad, New Mexico, with the veins sticking out on their foreheads and their blood pressures running dangerously high, you can be pretty sure they are discussing Dee Harkey, late author of a little book with big accusations called Mean As Hell. **Of course, there are two sides to the question of who were Carlsbad's early outlaws, but the old-timers never see it that way. To them, Dee Harkey was either the biggest liar or the most truthful man who ever hit Carlsbad, depending on which category they found themselves placed after being run through Dee's typewriter.**

This article is believed to have been the last interview Dee Harkey ever gave. Two weeks before he died on June 18, 1958, I took the copy back to his house on South Canyon Street. I wanted to be sure I had not misquoted him. He seemed to be feeling fine, and after going over the copy carefully with a large magnifying glass, he said: "Yeah, that just about sums the whole thing of it. I guess we were all a pretty mean bunch. I just happened to be the one who carried the warrant."

—M.L.

HE was around for a long time—ninety-two years. Not that long in Carlsbad alone, but in both the states of Texas and New Mexico. I met him for the first time a little over a year ago. We talked about his book, which I had just finished reading. Since the book was written about people of Carlsbad, many of whom still live in the area and many others now deceased but whose children and grandchildren still live there, I asked him many more questions. I did not hesitate to point out that many people with whom I had talked about the book had not only criticized it but bluntly called it the biggest lie ever written about the law and the lawless West of the Pecos. The book was *Mean As Hell*, the author was Dee Harkey.

Since then, I had spent many hours talking with Mr. Harkey, and of course I had formed my own opinion as to the truth of his story. Now I was back for another interview with this aged man from another generation, but this time I was not interested in a true or false test on the book he wrote. I wanted to know all I could about him *personally*. I wanted to hear his views and philosophy on the laws and lawmen of the old West as compared to those of today.

I started my interview with the question, "Mr. Harkey, do you think of yourself as being much different from some of those men you wrote about in your book as being mean as hell at the time you became United States Deputy Marshal in 1893?"

"No," he said, "I do not consider myself a great deal different. In fact, I had a great deal in common with most of them. Had I not known their kind of law—or lawlessness, if you prefer—I do not believe I could have done the job assigned me without having been killed by some of those men who were indeed mean as hell!" He smiled deeply and then reflected, "I was a Harkey, and it goes without saying that all the Harkeys were famous for the quiet lives they lived. I have never contended that any of the good men of the old West were all good, nor that any of the bad ones were all bad. There were mean, vicious outlaws then, just as there are mean, vicious outlaws today." He smiled again and said, "Perhaps it takes a little bit of that element in men assigned to bring in men of that caliber. Many of these men, I knew well."

"Could I quote you, Mr. Harkey, as implying that the main difference between the author of *Mean As Hell* and the characters written about therein was that the author carried the warrant?"

"I *will* say that in connection with some of the difficult characters," he answered. "Mean as the worst of them were in that day and time, many of them made good friends—loyal, accommodating, and, to a certain extent, trustworthy. Most of them had no quarrel with me personally. It was just that law and order interfered with their way of doing things."

"MR. HARKEY," I reminded him, "you state that you shared a common bond with some of those outlaws; but according to your book, one would take it that, whereas you approved law and order whole-heartedly, most of the men about whom you wrote disapproved of it intensely."

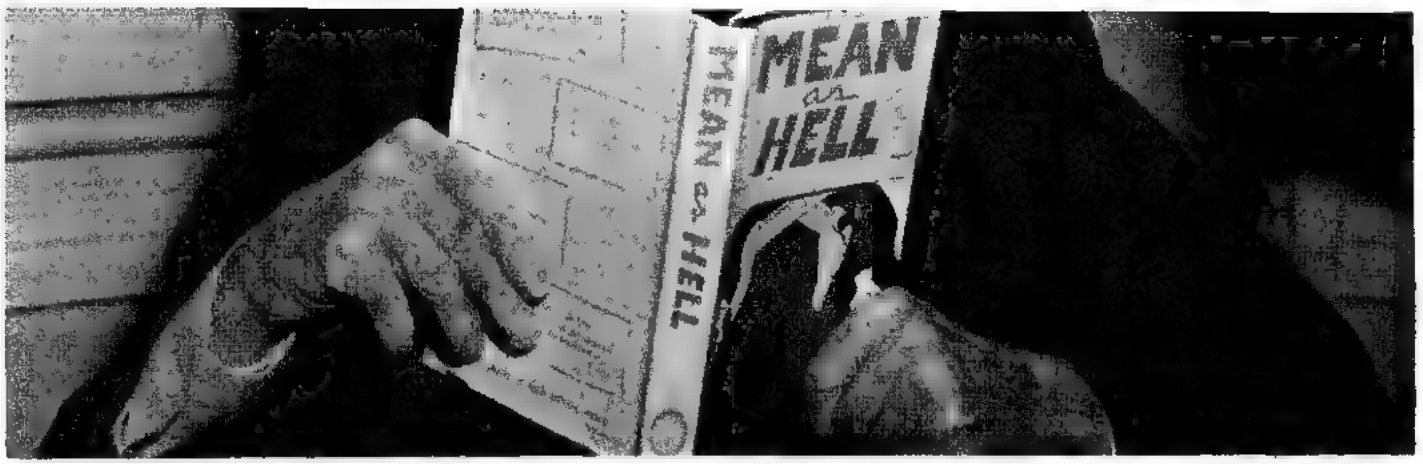
"There," he said, "is where apparently my limitations as a writer come in. I tried to convey the idea that like most of the men of that day and time, I neither approved nor disapproved of law and order as it is interpreted today. I was more interested in taking care of Dee Harkey, of course, than imposing my opinion as to what I thought good or bad for other people. I took the job of Deputy United States Marshal, not because I felt qualified to judge other people, but because the job paid a good salary. Naturally, I realized the reason it paid a good salary was because it was hard and dangerous. In that day and time, the job of an officer of the law was not to establish either the innocence or guilt of the men for whom the warrants were issued, but to deliver those men safely to the court for a fair and unbiased trial. My only agreement was to serve the warrants for the federal government at a price they agreed to pay to have them served."

"You speak as though you had little scruples, yourself, about people breaking the law—so long, of course, as no warrants were issued," I challenged

"You might well put it that way," he said with indifference, and then proceeded to explain his attitude toward legal justice prior to his becoming a U. S. Marshal. "Except that my brother had been a sheriff in Texas and that I, too, had been a peace officer when I was very young, perhaps I would never have known anything other than what we all termed the Laws of the West at that time. Actually," he said, "the Laws of the West by which we all pretty well lived in the early days were the unwritten laws by which one Westerner dealt with another, instead of in the way either of them dealt with society in general."

"In other words," I queried, "in complete disregard for the laws of the nation, each man more or less made his own laws; or should we say, his own code of behavior?"

"If he wanted to live to be a very old man, he did," was Dee's remark. In those days, a man was used to his very life depending on his code of behavior. Before law and order came to the old West, justice among men was something that each individual tried to live by within himself lest he become a hunted man—not to be protected by the law—but most likely to be killed by it. The penalty for wronging a man in those days was usually having to face him with his pistol at his side, and regardless of how fast a man might be with his



Dee Harkey, with a copy of his provocative book, "Mean As Hell."

gun, or how good a shot he might be, it could easily be assumed that the other man was just as fast and just as good as the offender. If anything, the man who wronged another in those days was taking a bigger chance of being justly killed than is the outlaw of today taking in being punished for his crime. A man in his right mind then didn't dare wrong another purposely; and if he figured he might have wronged him, accidentally, he was quick to make amends."

FROM our conversation, I gathered that Harkey considered what he termed the laws of the West considerably different from the written laws of our nation today. He went on to explain, however, that the actual written laws of both then and now were not so different from those unwritten laws of the early West, "except," he said, "that each person pretty much enforced the laws as he understood them. If the strong imposed his gun on the weak, or became ruthless in his dealing with his fellow men, there was always the posse!"

"Do you think most of the posses were justified in their actions?" I wanted to know.

"Do you mean the posses consisting of citizens who took the law into their own hands, or the posses formed to assist the sheriff in performing his duty?" he countered.

"I mean those that often resulted in hangings without benefit of a trial."

"Regardless of how men are tried," he said, "except by God alone, there are possibilities of mistakes. Those people who had to dish out punishment themselves instead of having someone dish it out for them, as is done today after sentence is pronounced, were usually pretty sure of the guilt before the punishment. Naturally, the formed posses were never considered a means to an end. They were just about as unpopular with the law as with the lawless."

"In other words," I interrupted, "the laws of the six-guns were preferred to the posse, and you are not sure but that you preferred them to the laws of the courts."

"It was just that in one case," he tried to explain, "the state or federal government, as the case might be, enforces the laws, and in the case of the West, each man felt responsible to see that no law was broken against him. In the event of damage caused a man by the breaking of a law by another, each man felt he must take it upon himself to either punish or kill the man who wronged him. In those days, the wrong was always considered first the responsibility of the man to whom it was directed; and when I took the job as Deputy United States Marshal, it became my job to assist in the transference of the law from the individual to the Territory, and later to the state, of New Mexico. I wasn't sure which was the better method then, and I'm not sure now."

"In your case," I asked Dee Harkey, "did you ever feel in sympathy with the man on whom you had to serve a warrant for his arrest?"

"Had I not been a Deputy U. S. Marshal," he said, "I would have killed a man for less than a number of men killed for whom I had to serve with warrants. In many cases where I felt justice had already been properly executed, because the law had been broken in its execution, it became my job to bring dangerous men in for trial. Whereas many of the crimes had been founded on justifiable circumstances, I knew, just as many of the law breakers knew at that time, that court trials were usually founded on the hard facts set forth in a law book. But, as I said, my job was to serve the warrant, not to try the culprit."

DEE HARKEY, at ninety-two, spoke as a man little more than half his age. He spoke slowly, giving considerable thought to every question asked him. He was mentally alert, with a straightforward approach. He appeared sincere, and he spoke honestly, without the slightest indication of boasting. In his frankness of purpose, it is easy to see reason for the admiration he thought some of the worst criminals he had to deal with had for him.

"I always told a man honestly that there was nothing personal about my serving a warrant. Before making an arrest I told him the simple requirements of my job, often on a friendly and impersonal basis," Dee said; "but on the other hand, I tried never to give any man reason for possible doubt but that I felt fully qualified to perform the duties of the job which I was being paid to do."

Dee Harkey, in his last days weighing light of a hundred pounds, never was a big man; but the speed and rhythm with which he conducted himself at ninety-two years of age was indicative of the speed he must have commanded over his fellow men some seventy years ago. Dee spoke to me of the men of the old West—even of those about whom he wrote

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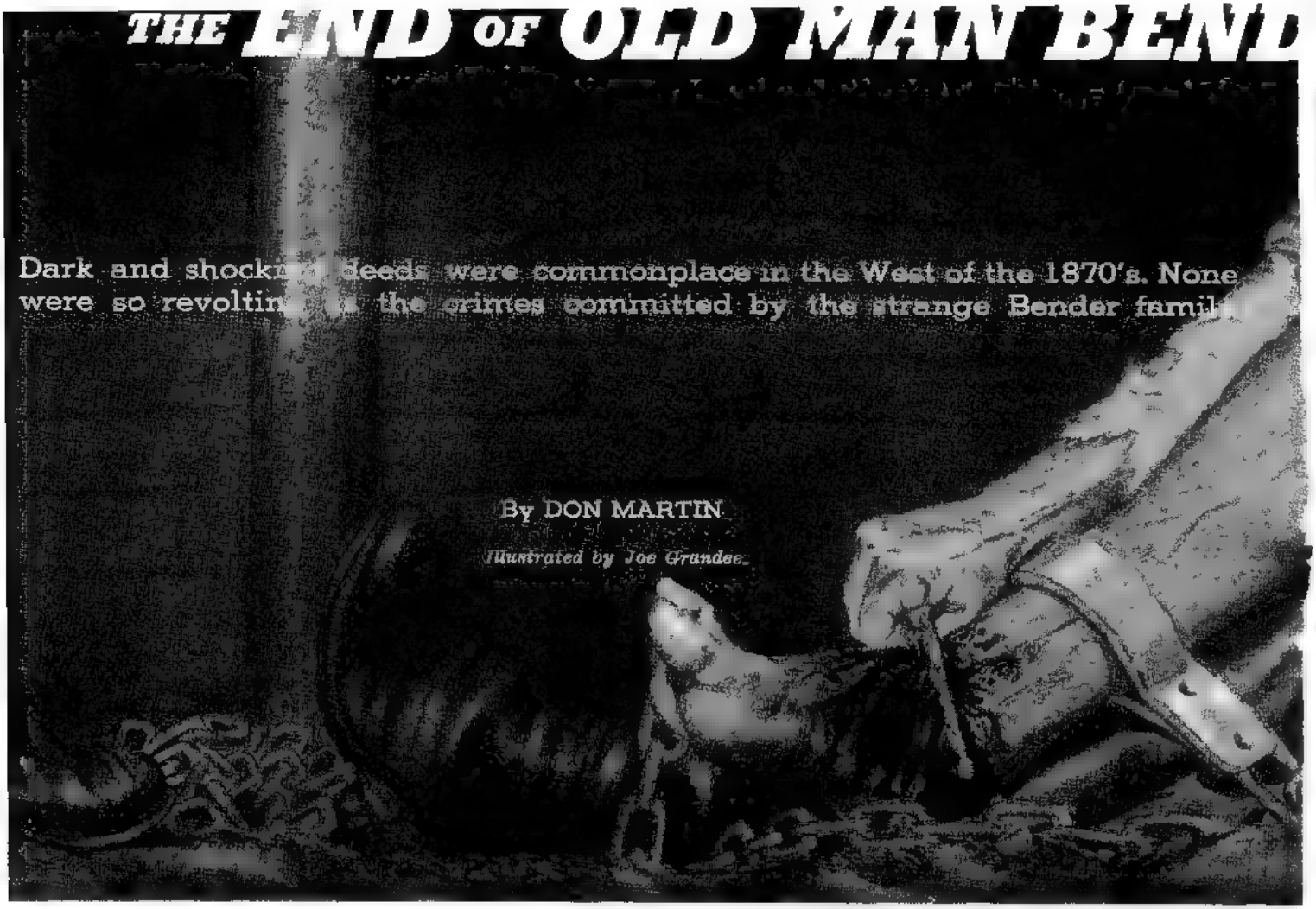
THE END OF OLD MAIN BEND

Dark and shocking deeds were commonplace in the West of the 1870's. None were so revolting as the crimes committed by the strange Bender family.



By DON MARTIN

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

Author's Note:

This story was related to me in detail by former Deputy Sheriff John W. Snook in 1926. I lost my notes when my office in Hyder, Alaska, was destroyed by fire in 1928. This account is written from memory, with most of the names and some of the details generously supplied by Charles Snook, son of Sheriff Snook.

—D.M.

IN 1873 today's coddled citizens would have found life west of the Mississippi a trifle rugged. Cattle barons were fighting private wars with each other and ganging up in their spare time on sheepmen and small farmers. Brushy gulches offered Mormons and Gentiles tempting opportunities for settling theological disputes. The displaced and disgruntled Indians were far from pacified. Rustlers, bandits and gunfighters infested the Plains. Yet, with all this seething violence, a certain Kansas "murder farm" drew most of the headlines.

The murders committed by the nefarious Bender clan have been the subject of hundreds of newspaper and magazine stories. These lurid accounts have snowballed for more than eighty years. The known facts lack many of the fictitious flourishes found in recent articles. The following account is condensed from Chapter twenty-eight of J. H. Beadle's book, *The Western Wilds*. Beadle wrote it on location about six weeks after the story broke.

This phase of the black saga of the Benders began when a local resident, driving past the Bender cabin, noticed a dead calf tied to a post. Investigating, he found that the house showed signs of hasty evacuation. He left hurriedly to notify the authorities.

Within a few hours it was discovered that the Bender family—consisting of papa John, an old country German; son John, who was not very bright; Mama, whose Christian name is not recorded and who spoke very little English; and sister Katie, a gal of many and varied accomplishments—had been running a murder farm. In brief, they had operated a roadhouse where the added guest was Death to most travelers. The mode of operation was to seat the unsuspecting guest with his back to a curtain. One of the men cracked his skull from behind the rag with a maul. The victim's throat was cut and the body dropped through a conveniently located trap door into a hole under the floor, to be disposed of after dark.

Robbery was presumably the prime motive, but there was another weird angle to the murders. The bodies were all horribly and indescribably mutilated. The corpse of a Mr. Langcor, when first disinterred, was believed to be that of a woman. Katie advertised herself as having occult and psychic powers, going so far as to have handbills to that effect printed. The local theory was that the strange Benders were in league with the Devil, and—led by gifted sister Katie—offered obscene sacrifices to infernal powers.

No one knows how many people were murdered by these fiends. Eight bodies were found, one of which was that of the seven-year-old daughter of Langcor. Three other people were traced to the hellish hostelry and never again heard of. There were almost certainly others.

The amount of money taken by the Benders has been frequently exaggerated. It is doubtful if it amounted to a thousand dollars.

SINCE the Bender family vanished, there has been a great deal of speculation as to just what happened to them. One story is that a posse caught up with them and took summary vengeance. Beadle suggests it, but does not state it as a fact. It would have been in keeping with the times. However, not one iota of direct evidence has been discovered in the eighty-odd intervening years to support such a final disposition of the case, other than that none of the family have ever been positively identi-

fied. The state of Kansas offered a large reward for many years as a solution. None of the alleged posse ever talked. The lynching theory is, at the best, open to doubt.

The Benders had a long start. It must have been at least forty-eight hours. Calves do not die quickly of thirst. This one may have been dead several days. There is no evidence on that point. Much has been made of the ease with which these four people could have been traced. It is assumed, if they did escape, that they drove to a railroad station, left their team and vehicle, purchased tickets and rolled away, all four together. Katie was too smart to do anything so obvious.

This article will set up a good circumstantial case for the death of Old Man Bender in Salmon, Idaho, in the year 1884. About thirty years ago San Francisco newspapers carried stories about the death of an old woman suspected of being Kate Bender.

The following theory covers all the known facts as fully as any other. It would have been obvious to sister Katie that the four of them could not escape as a unit, that German speaking Mama and simple brother John were dangerous handicaps and entirely useless. Papa may have had the same idea, or acquired it from Katie. Katie and Papa would have no compunctions about putting them out of the way if it appeared to be to their interest—and it would have been. After such an event Kate and old John would have been slightly suspicious of each other's further intentions and would have parted company at the first opportunity. Katie may have cut her hair and disguised herself as a young man with her late brother's clothing. It would have been as possible for them to have disposed of the remaining evidence as it would have been for a lynch mob to do so and they would have had a better reason for doing it.

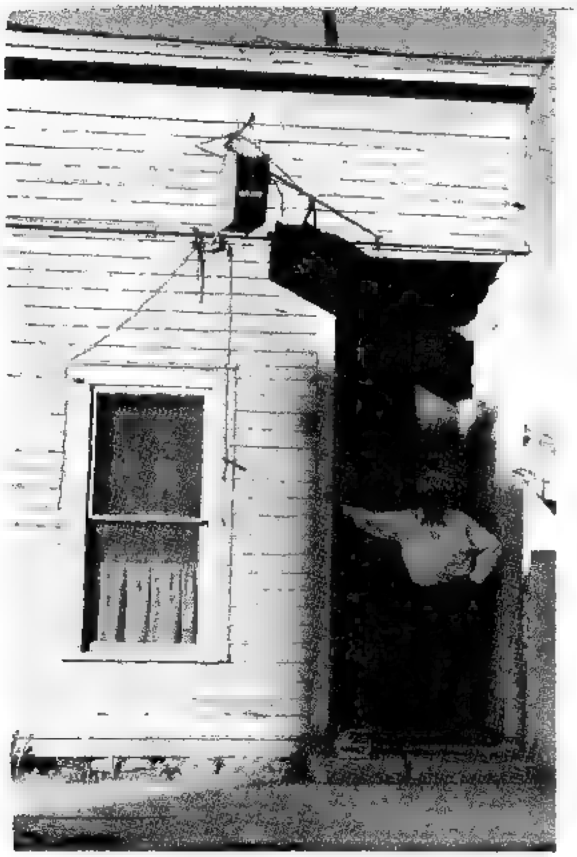
So much for speculation and theory. We are dealing with history from here on.

A large number of vagabonds, tramps and nitwits were arrested in the decade following the Kansas denouement on suspicion of being old John Bender. Without exception, all failed to make the grade. The West made a joke of it and labeled all seedy, unattached elderly males, "Old Man Bender." This was the condition of things in the year 1884 when the Bender excitement moved to Lemhi County, Idaho, and sets its unconservative citizenry agog.

Lemhi County, which has several good mines, many hopeful prospects and some timber resources is, at this date, principally engaged in stock ranching. It is a quiet and well-behaved county, retaining, however, some of its old ideas in reserve for possible emergencies. Lewis and Clark introduced it to history on their way west. Captain Bonneville spent a winter in it. The Mormons made an unsuccessful attempt to colonize it. It shifted into high gear in 1866 when five men discovered gold in the Leesburg Basin. Salmon, always the county seat, started in life as the place where Leesburg supplies were transferred from wagons to pack horses.

AT the time of which we are writing, the population of Leesburg was numbered in the thousands; Salmon in scant hundreds. The County Sheriff made Leesburg his headquarters and left Salmon in the capable hands of John W. Snook, Sr., an old-time peace officer in the best tradition and not to be confused with his son of the same name, a penologist and warden of note in later years. Deputy Sheriff Snook had the reputation of never losing a man. There is a story that he once followed four horse thieves into Nevada, returning eventually with the stolen stock. When asked about the thieves, he remarked that he lost them in the quicksand. His family denies the story. If it has any significance, the rustlers were never heard of again.

U. S. Highway No. 93 crosses from



Saloon in Salmon, Idaho, where the Bender skull was on display for several years. Author is standing in doorway.

the west to the east side of the Salmon River about ten miles north of Challis, Idaho, and continues fifty miles to Salmon. Before the road was blasted out of the cliffs and slide-rock, the two towns were joined by a pack trail, all of which was on the west side of the river. It was sixty miles long and a majority of the miles were steep, rocky and dangerous. A trip from one town to the other involved camping one night at the best and more frequently, two.

This was the situation when a local Indian, known as Mouse, reported to Deputy Sheriff Snook that he had found the body of a white man in an eddy in the river near the Nagle Ranch, just below the present Shoup Bridge on the Williams Creek road and about five miles up river from town. Snook, leading a spare horse and with Mouse for a guide proceeded to the eddy. They had no trouble finding the body. It was that of a young man, a stranger to Snook who knew all the permanent residents within a hundred miles. He had been murdered. Someone had buried an axe in the top of his head. Snook deduced from the position and nature of the wound that the man had probably been sleeping when the fatal blow was struck. This theory was supported by the absence of footwear. Snook, assisted by Mouse, loaded the body on the spare horse and returned to Salmon.

After Snook and Mouse left town, George Carlyle, who had a pack horse mail contract between Salmon and Challis, arrived in town and began inquiring for the deputy. He believed there had been foul play at the Birch Creek camping place some twelve miles above Salmon. He had noted a number of things, which to his trained outdoor eyes, were suspicious. The body, when Snook arrived with it, vindicated his judgment. He was able to identify it as that of a young man who had been around Challis several weeks in company with an older man who spoke with a German accent. He said the young man appeared to have plenty of money.

Carlyle was also able to reconstruct the two men's journey from Challis. They had only one horse between them, a grey mare, which slowed them down. They made eighteen miles to the Ellis ranch the first day, seventeen to Iron Creek the second day and thirteen to Birch Creek on the third. The mail carrier missed nothing. He never knew when his life might depend on reading outdoor signs correctly.

SNOOK went into action. He quickly discovered that the old man with the German accent had arrived in town on the evening of the third day before and had left the morning the body was found. Cap Williams, who ran a feed lot, advised Snook that the old man had kept his horse in his corral and gave him an exact description of the horse and its owner. He added that the horse had been shod while in town and that Mrs. Williams had washed some clothing for the old man and had noticed fresh blood spots. The deputy looked up the blacksmith who confirmed Cap's description of the grey mare and added that she interfered with her hind feet and that he had turned the inside calks in and weighted the shoes to minimize the difficulty. Snook now knew that he had a trail he could follow.

Two of his friends, Dan Richardson and Charley Price, volunteered to accompany him. The three men left Salmon the following morning while the stars were still shining.

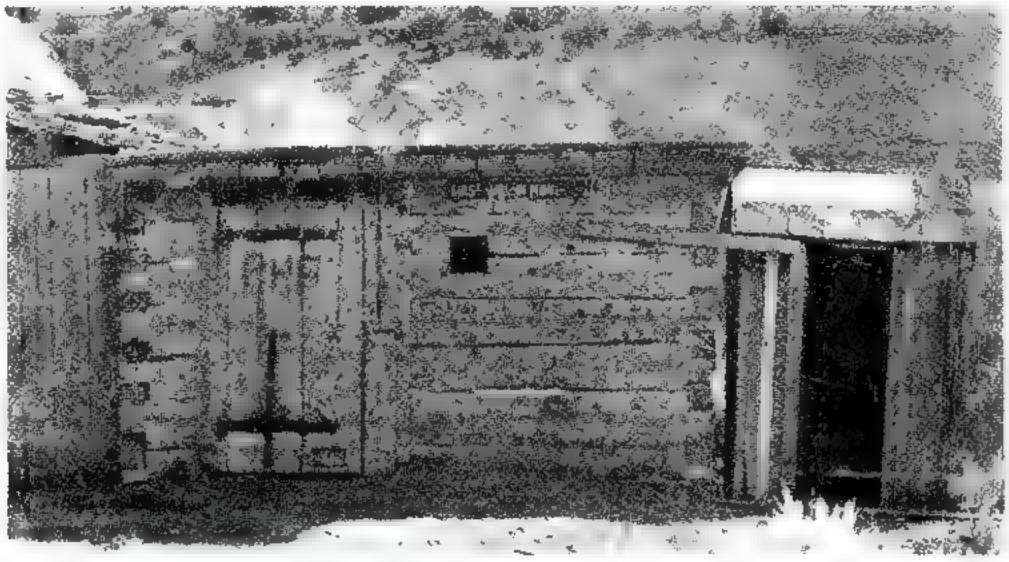
The chase was without incident. The three men had the best saddle horses Salmon could supply. They pushed them as hard as they deemed wise, not knowing how long a trail they had embarked on. Their first luck came twenty-four miles out when two Indians told them that their man had left the road and taken the Agency Creek trail in the direction of Bannack, Montana. The tracks of the grey mare's back shoes quickly proved the Indian's information. They had lost no time making sure the old man had not proceeded along the Lemhi Valley road. Late in the afternoon they found where the old man had camped the night before, at the foot of the hill, on the Montana side of the continental divide, near the present site of Sacajawea Park. They were fifteen miles beyond this point when they put up for the night with a lonely rancher on Horse Prairie.

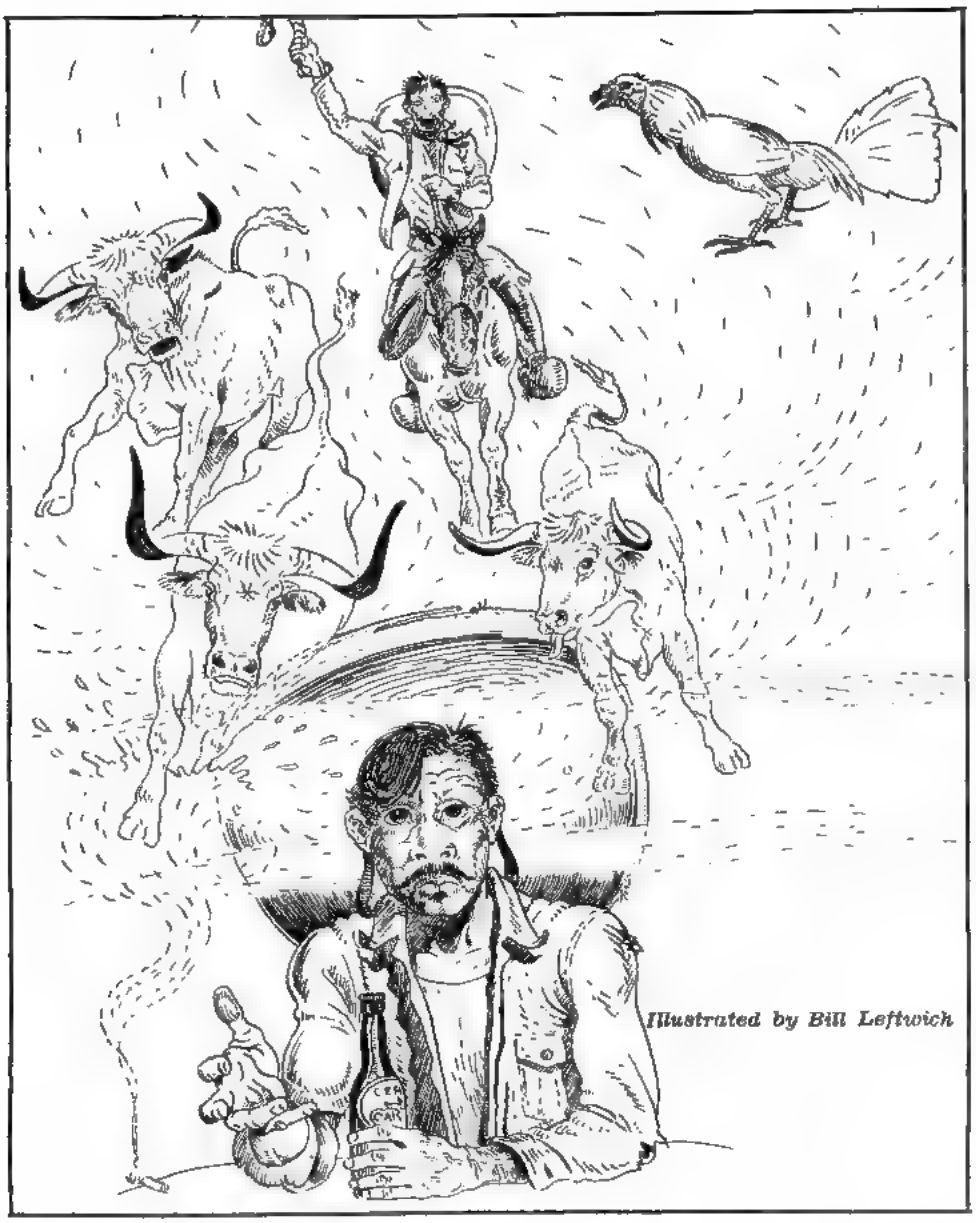
Snook and his two ex-officio deputies were again on a wagon road. They did not follow it far until they discovered that their quarry had branched off on a short cut trail through the rolling hills toward Bannack. They made good time until near that camp, once the capital of Montana, when it became apparent that he had made a detour around it. Snook sent Richardson and Price into Bannack to make sure the old man had bypassed the town while he followed the tracks of the grey mare. It was two hours before they were certain that the fugitive had continued on toward Dillon.

SNOOK was now positive that he would catch up with his man the next day and that he would be likely to spend the night in Dillon. He and

(Continued on page 55)

Below left, famous old-time lawman John W. Snook, who captured old man Bender. Below right, first jail built by Plummer in Bannack, Montana, 1862. Here Bender was held.





Illustrated by Bill Leftwich

Here is Fred Gipson's deeply warming story of the town where nothing flourishes but desolation and despair

Town of BEER & SORROW

By FRED GIPSON

Juan was one of the River People, a direct descendant of the Old Ones who for century upon century have lived in the Rio Grande Valley, cultivating their little island patches among the willows and tall weeds. Today, they are sometimes citizens of Mexico and then again citizens of the United States. This is because the main stream of the Rio Grande, considered the international boundary, is of a restless nature and has a habit of shifting ground with each spring flood.

TO many, this constant change in citizenship might prove disturbing and make for a confusion of loyalties. But to the River People, it is of no consequence whatever. After all, they were there long before there was either a Mexico or a United States. They have little to do with either country and are, in reality, only Citizens of the River. Nothing more.

Juan, Citizen of the River, was a scrawny dark-skinned little man in tattered clothes who sported a fierce and black mustache and a pair of new guaraches made from an old automobile tire. He came to my table with a bottle of beer, his brown eyes eloquent with sadness. Just why he sought me out, an Americano and a stranger, I'll never know, unless it is that there are times when one's need for sympathy and understanding is so great that even the age-old barriers of race and skin coloring cannot stand before it.

I still remember Ojinaga as I knew it in the late thirties, a little adobe-walled town, sprawling over a low hill on the south bank of the Rio Grande.

It was no place to attract the regular tourist. It could lay no valid claim to singular beauty or historical fame. Yet it always appealed to me; I know of no other place on earth quite so fitting for solitary beer-drinking.

Even when others were along, there was a serenity about the town that seemed to quell boisterousness and imbue the drinker with a quiet sense of detachment and melancholy aloneness.

Many evenings, I have sat with a cool beer in one of the open plazas and watched the little umbrellas of smoke rising from the supper fires of the River People living down in the great valley, while overhead the black bats swooped and dived, feeding upon the myriads of mosquitos that rose from the river to hum and swirl in the afterglow of the setting sun. I liked to sit there and drink and ponder the mysteries of the bold, ragged peaks of the Chinati Mountains standing in their eternal blue-hazed silence above the surrounding desert.

For how many millions of years have those peaks stood, bleak, barren, and silent? What great events have transpired here, back in the long-forgotten days before white man came with his methods of "progress," so directly opposed to his Christian religion?

Answers to such questions a man does not find, even in a beer bottle. But it was over bottles of beer that I became acquainted with one Juan Hernandez Jesus Enrique Morales who explained to me why this is now all desert country.

And Juan's need for sympathy and understanding were great indeed, I learned, as the empty bottles slowly accumulated on the table before us.

Juan had just suffered the tragic loss of a gamecock, a small stringy bird with a great fighting heart. In the various pits about town, Juan's rooster had won him "many monies," easily keeping him in beer and often winning enough to buy beans and tortillas for his wife and young ones.

But there had come into town from deep within Chihuahua a group of rancheros, with cattle to be delivered to Texas cowmen on the north bank of the river. The rancheros had sold the cattle under agreement to pay the U. S. import duty, rated at so much per pound. Be-

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Last Warrior

They found the two dead Indians in a shallow rifle-pit, covered over with brush. Seven gaping wounds were in Almighty Voice's battered body.

THE bloody, heroic saga of *Kakee-manitou-wayo* (known to the white settlers as Almighty Voice) began in October, 1895, as a routine arrest for a minor offense, and ended up as one of the greatest murder man hunts in Canadian history. Assistant Commissioner J. H. McIllree, of the Northwest Mounted Police, paid Almighty Voice the supreme tribute of one fighting man to another when he said of him simply: "He was a great warrior—the last of his valiant breed."

Sergeant C. C. Colebrook started the ball rolling when he rode into the One Arrow Indian Reserve, in what is now Saskatchewan, to arrest the young Cree brave for killing a steer belonging to the Government. Colebrook dismounted before the family lodge to find John Sounding Sky, the boy's father, waiting for him. The fierce-eyed old man stood stiffly before the lodge opening and watched in stony silence as the officer approached.

"How," said Colebrook easily. "Your son, Almighty Voice. Where is he?"

The Sergeant made no move to force his way into the lodge. Old John Sounding Sky was listed as a dangerous Indian in police records. He had fought savagely against the whites in the Riel Rebellion of ten years back. He had behaved himself ever since, but the police still kept a watchful eye on him.

"He is here," replied the old warrior. "Why?"

"Got to take him back to the Post at Duck Lake to stand trial for destroying Government property," explained Colebrook. "Stand aside now, John, and let's have no trouble over this."

There was no trouble—then. Almighty Voice readily admitted shooting the steer, but insisted it was all a mistake. The scrawny animal had been a dead ringer for one in his father's small herd; hence the error. A steer was a steer, they all looked alike. The old man chimed in with an offer to replace the dead steer with one of his own. Colebrook impatiently ended the powwow by handcuffing his prisoner and packing him off to Duck Lake Post. The Sergeant could feel the father's eyes boring into his back like arrow points as he rode away.

Sentenced to thirty days in the guardhouse for the steer shooting, the young Cree prisoner seemed bewildered at the judge's pronouncement. Dazed and uncomprehending, he walked to the guardhouse to begin sentence. His jailer, Corporal Casimar Dickson, called an interpreter.

"Tell him," instructed Dickson with macabre humor, "that the police are going to hang him for killing that steer!" The interpreter, a none-too-bright half-breed, did as ordered. Almighty Voice received the news in stoical silence.

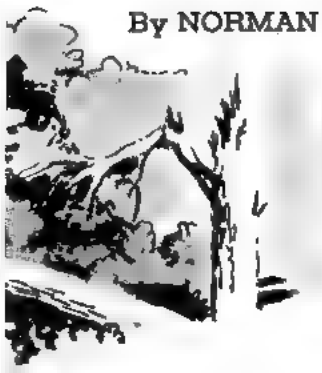
At midnight, the Corporal snapped leg irons attached to a heavy iron ball on the prisoner's ankles and turned him over to a constable. Wrapped in a blanket on the guardroom floor, Almighty Voice was apparently sound asleep.

The relief officer sat down at a table in the center of the guardroom, facing the shackled prisoner. The Indian snored rhythmically, and soon the constable felt himself getting sleepy. He yawned and dozed, and presently he laid his head on the table and slept.

Almighty Voice slitted one eye to watch the officer. At the end of five minutes, he clanked his chains slightly; the constable still slept. The Indian rose, picked up his iron ball and moved soundlessly across the room. A bunch of keys

"The son of Sounding Sky and Spotted Calf will never hang in chains from the white man's gallows," sang Almighty Voice in his death song

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY



Illustrated by B. J. McCausey

Photos Courtesy Philip H. Godsell

lay on the table; he picked them up and unlocked his ankle chains. Another key fitted the lock of the guardhouse door. Almighty Voice was free.

THROUGH the night the tall young brave trotted tirelessly, heading for his home lodge fourteen miles away. The icy Saskatchewan River lay in his path. Stripping to the skin, he placed his clothes on a log and pushed it ahead of him as he swam the stream. He was back in the One Arrow Reserve well before dawn.

His fifteen-year-old wife still slept, but his mother, Spotted Calf, arose at once to get him food. He ate ravenously before telling her that he had escaped.

"You must go back, my son," said Spotted Calf. "The police will hunt you down like a mad wolf. You cannot get away."

"I cannot go back, my mother," replied the youth. "The police intend to hang me for shooting that steer. I will never surrender—if they catch me, I will die fighting!"

Spotted Calf bowed her head. "*Ai-ee*, the bad days are here again. The police came again last night and took your father to Prince Albert. They fear he will start an uprising of the people because of your arrest, and so they have him locked up. The lodge will be lonely with both of you gone. But sleep now, my son. The police will not be looking for you until the sun is straight overhead."

Spotted Calf underestimated the police. Two constables rode up to the lodge in mid-morning. The two women faced them with mask-like countenances and said nothing in response to their questions in garbled Cree. The officers looked about the tepee, upsetting the deerskin beds in their zeal to find the fugitive. After they left, Almighty Voice crawled out from beneath a heap of provisions, buffalo robes and blankets piled in a corner of the lodge.

The young brave moved fast, making up his outfit. Riding two horses and leading a packhorse, Almighty Voice and his wife headed north into the wilderness.

Behind them, the man hunt was shaping up. Sergeant Colebrook and a half-breed scout named Dumont were first to take the trail of the fugitive.

Fifty miles north of the reservation, in a region of sparse forest, Colebrook and his scout ran suddenly upon Almighty Voice as they rounded a bend in the narrow trail. The crafty hunter had doubled back through the woods on his own trail and waited for them. Shielded from gunfire, his wife held the three horses in readiness behind a clump of trees. Almighty Voice himself stood boldly in the middle of the trail, his rifle thrown threateningly forward.

The police officer and the half-breed stopped short. "Tell him," directed Colebrook, "that it will do no good for him to fight. If he kills me, every man in the Force will go after him. He hasn't got a chance!"

The scout chattered out the Sergeant's words. The fugitive listened, but the muzzle of his rifle never deviated a hair's breadth from its bead on Colebrook. Almighty Voice replied in the deep, resonant voice that had given him his name. The half-breed turned to the officer in alarm. "He say not ride another foot or he will kill you!"

"The hell he does!" growled Colebrook, his face reddening in anger. "Tell him I'm coming on—right now!"

The Sergeant rode straight ahead, his empty right hand held up and palm forward in the peace sign. The scout chattered in Cree, then screamed a warning to Colebrook at the Indian's loud, answering roar.

"Stop—he *shoot!*"

Colebrook rode on, his eyes fixed on his quarry. The Cree's heavy rifle flashed; the Sergeant jerked in the saddle under the impact of the slug, then slipped slowly to the ground. Blood gushed from the severed arteries in his neck. Almighty Voice fired again, but the half-breed was whirling his horse for a quick getaway and the bullet only grazed his arm. Spurring his mount frantically around the bend in the trail, Dumont heard the Indian call out in his tremendous, booming voice: "Do not follow me again. Next time I will kill you as I have killed the Redcoat!"

SO, through language difficulties and a policeman's weird sense of humor, the needless tragedy developed. Almighty Voice was now an outlaw killer, with the entire force of the Northwest Mounted Police looking for him.

Doggedly the great manhunt continued, yet so clever and elusive was the fugitive, so superb a woodsman, no officer even glimpsed Almighty Voice in the next nineteen months. The vast northern wilderness seemed to have swallowed forever both the killer and his young wife. The Mounted investigated rumors that Almighty Voice was hiding out in Montana, that he had been seen in the Rocky Mountains. They grilled many of his fellow tribesmen, who told them poker-faced that the Manitou himself had come to earth and spirited Almighty Voice off to the Shadow Land. The harried Force was rapidly losing face with the Indians, and the threat of open revolt was growing among the Crees.

Finally the police gave up hope of tracking down the murderer of Sergeant Colebrook by ordinary methods, deciding to use the fugitive's known affection for his father as an instrument to force his return to the Reserve. John Sounding Sky was released from jail at Prince Albert and allowed to go home to his lodge on the Reserve. A half-breed was hired to watch the lodge and inform the police if Almighty Voice returned to visit his parents.

The scheme paid off. Three weeks after Sounding Sky was released, the spy rode into Duck Lake Post with word that Almighty Voice had visited his home the night before. The informer begged to be locked up in the guardroom at the Post, so great was his fear of the murderer. "I stay here until he dead," declared the breed. "He *diable*—a *loup garou*. Ever' time he shoot hees rifle, he hit what he shoot at!"

Still underestimating Almighty Voice, Inspector Wilson, of Duck Lake Post, sent two constables and the half-breed scout-interpreter Napoleon Venne to round up the killer and bring him in.

Twenty miles from Duck Lake, in the Minnichinas Hills section of the Reserve, the scout heard a faint rustling noise in the thick woods along the trail. He whirled to shout a warning to the two officers riding behind him, just as a rifle cracked from the edge of the forest. Shot through the body, the scout pitched from his horse.

Calmly ignoring the danger of being fatally ambushed from the woods, the two constables picked up the seriously wounded scout and placed him back on his horse. From behind a tree a few yards off the trail, the hunted killer drew a bead on the chest of one of the officers—then lowered his rifle to let them escape unharmed. "*Ho!*" he boomed, "Redcoats heap brave men!"

This second warning finally alerted the Force to the caliber of the man they were hunting. Inspector J. B. Allan led out eleven men of F Division into the Minnichinas Hills at dawn next day to begin a methodical combing of the heavy underbrush. On Bellevue Hill, the police flushed the murderer accompanied by his fifteen-year-old cousin, Going-up-to-Sky, and his youthful brother-in-law, Topean. Both of these boys had sworn

(Continued on page 38)

Parents of Almighty Voice. Sounding Sky (left) and Spotted Calf, father and mother of the outlaw.

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Tin Cup, Colorado, today. Gone are the saloons and dance halls of gold rush days.

Seven Marshals of Tin Cup

by E. WARD McCRAY

There was nothing charitable about Tin Cup except its name. This rip-snortin' mining town "used up" six marshals in three years before tough Number Seven came along

BACK in the days of the hell-roaring Old West, it took a fair share of guts, gumption and gun-shooting to be a marshal. In any frontier town, "marshalin' " was a risky job, but in the little Colorado mining camp of Tin Cup it was a hair-trigger existence with a hunk of lethal lead as the usual payoff.

Set far up on the backbone of the Rockies, Tin Cup had its first great boom in 1880. The mountains surrounding the camp were underlaid with "shining dirt." Streams glittered with sparkling placers. Burro trails formed the principal means of approach and egress.

Thousands of prospectors, miners and the inevitable hordes of gamblers stampeded to the gold-laden cliffs of Tin Cup. On their heels came motley crews of desperadoes and outlaws. The result, of course, was lusty, brawling chaos. Tenderfeet began to show a marked reluctance to enter or remain in the camp. It became obvious that if they were to be lured into Tip Cup for the purpose of being fleeced, some show of respectability and orderliness must be maintained.

A crude municipal government for the camp was created, and a mayor, a council and a marshal were appointed. Since the camp was controlled wholly by the lawless element, they took over the selection of officers. As marshal, they decided upon a man named Willis—more commonly known as "Old Man Willis."

Tersely, they informed him of his duties.

"The first man you try to arrest will be your last, Willis! You're just to mosey round camp and let 'em see we got a marshal. It sorta gets their backs up when they don't see no law officer. But get it straight—you're to see nothin', hear nothin' and know nothin' that goes on in camp. Got it?"

Old Man Willis got it. He did his part admirably. During his entire term of office, he never arrested one man, nor did he receive one cent for his services . . .

THE next marshal to be appointed by the camp leaders was a fearless border ruffian named Tom Lahey. Tom was supposed to be quicker on the draw than any man in Tin Cup. As marshal, he frequently amused himself with a hazardous pastime which seemed to afford him a great deal of personal satisfaction.

Often, merely to prove his ability to do so, he stood off an entire mob of half-drunken miners and tinhorn gamblers. Baiting them into an ugly mood, then snarling defiance at their threats, he would proceed to disarm each man in the crowd before marching them off to jail.

Always, just as he herded the sullen mob up to the jailhouse door, Lahey would release them contemptuously, sneering at them for lacking the courage to stand up to him

As a rule, the men made it a point to stay out of Marshal Lahey's way, and newcomers were advised to do the same. One man ignored this advice and thereby gained the distinction of being the first man to be planted on "Boot Hill." His name was Bud Christopher. It happened thusly·

A great deal of the early freight for Tin Cup moved over Cottonwood Pass.

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One of the itinerant freighters sold a mare to Marshal Lahey, then sold the same mare to Bud Christopher, giving each man a bill of sale.

The mare was turned out to range near American Basin. She wintered with horses belonging to a miner whose cabin stood at the mouth of Dry Gulch, near the Silver Point and Hummingbird claims. She came through the winter and brought a colt in the spring. An argument resulted when both men tried to claim her and finally it was decided to "go to law" to establish ownership.

The case was to be tried in "kangaroo-court" presided over by Squire Wood. The trial was supposed to be held in a tent between Frenchie's and Charley LaTourette's saloon. However, such a crowd assembled that it soon became obvious that the tent was too small to hold them. Also, since both plaintiffs and their henchmen were armed, it was suggested that they disarm.

Frenchie's place was designated as the depository for the guns. Then, after everyone present had a round of drinks, the trial was held in the street. Every man in the crowd was as wary as a cowpoke down-wind from a polecat, and when Judge Wood found in favor of Tom Lahey, they scattered instantly as the decision was pronounced.

Later, eye-witnesses stated that Christopher came out of Frenchie's place with his gun in his hand just as someone yelled to warn him that Lahey was coming out the back way. Bud turned his head just as the warning rang out, and the guns of both men blazed in unison. Christopher crashed to the ground with a bullet through his temple.

In the confusion that followed, several heated arguments began among those who had witnessed the shooting. Some insisted that there had been a third shot from some other gun and claimed that Lahey's bullet had not killed Christopher. Others argued about who had fired first. At last it was decided to hold an inquest. They used a carpenter's saw and opened Christopher's skull to prove that the slug came from Lahey's gun.

While the inquest was in progress, one of the witnesses slipped away and headed for the mining camp of Leadville to report the affair to law officials there. By the time he reached Beaver Dam near Buena Vista, the man was too worn out to travel farther. He stopped in a deserted cabin to get some sleep. He fell asleep instantly but woke up a short time later when someone began shaking him roughly. It was Lahey.

He had followed the man all the way over the pass. Although it had been determined that his gun killed Christopher, Lahey explained, Squire Wood had acquitted him on the grounds of self defense. He ordered the frightened man to return to Tin Cup and forget about making a report to the Leadville authorities.

AT THE end of Lahey's term of office, Frank Emerson was named as the new marshal. Frank was a courageous miner who was popular with the minority group of law-abiding citizens. He had spent many years roughing it in the mountains and had the reputation of fearing nothing.

After a short term, during which he frequently asserted his authority, and was as frequently opposed by the pugnacious ex-marshal Lahey, the two met in deadly combat. A few minutes later, furtive glances were exchanged by those present as they watched Frank Emerson's body being carried from the street, but not a word was spoken.

Meanwhile, the dance halls and gambling dens of Tin Cup were running night and day. Stud poker, Keno and "bucking the tiger" reigned supreme. The little mining camp wallowed in wealth as gold continued to pour in from the surrounding mountains. Now a genuine effort was being made to control the lawless element.

Tin Cup's undertaking establishment was a busy place. It was maintained by two brothers who operated on a simple theory which, apparently, saved them a great deal of trouble: when one or two shots were heard, they got out of bed and put out the cooling board; if there were many shots, they turned over and went back to sleep. One shot, or two, invariably meant a body—several usually indicated some gold-happy drunk letting off steam.

Harry Rivers, next on the list of Tin Cup marshals, was a typical young mountaineer who had earned the whole-hearted respect of the hardened miners. One night as Harry sat in his office a bloody street battle broke out between the camp residents and an infamous outlaw named Jack Ward. Ward, whose very name terrorized mining camps throughout the Rockies in those days, had brought a burro train into Tin Cup a few hours before the fracas started.

Hundreds of shots ripped through the darkness as Ward and his pals fought it out with the miners. Marshal Rivers ran into the street, singled out the daring outlaw and started for him. A number of shots were exchanged, but the determined marshal got his man. It was Jack Ward's first experience with actual arrest, and he swore loudly that it would be his last.

Oddly enough, it was—Ward became reformed during his sojourn in the Tin Cup jail and upon his release went about preaching in the mining camps of the West!

The young marshal often disarmed men who defied him and hauled them off—single-handed—to the lock-up. One night he was called to arrest one of the camp's gamblers. Aware that he was dealing with an extremely dangerous man, Rivers walked boldly up to the flint-eyed gambler and announced calmly that he was taking him into custody

The gambler's expression was a blend of astonishment and amusement as he stared at the intrepid law officer. Then the amusement vanished as, with split-second timing, guns were drawn. Everyone on the scene scurried for cover. Gun in hand, Rivers' fierce gaze was riveted to the gambler's face. His quiet assurance seemed to disconcert the older man. After a long conjectural moment, a humorless smile flicked the corners of his mouth and he handed his gun over to the marshal.

They started off for the jail, but they had gone but a block or two when the gambler reached stealthily into a concealed pocket and pulled out a second gun. Whirling about, he fired and the marshal's body slumped to the dusty street.

SAM MICKY, next to accept the office of marshal, took the position with understandable reluctance. By this time the job definitely lacked popularity. However, having accepted it, Sam set out bravely determined to do his duty. His life was threatened repeatedly, and more than once he came uncomfortably close to sharing the fate of his predecessors.

But tragedy overtook Sam in another form. His strong mind shattered beneath the constant pressure of danger and excitement. Hopelessly insane, he was sent to an Illinois asylum. There, in a matter of weeks, he died—until the last moment pacing his cell with mingled determination and fear in his eyes, imagining that he still walked his beat as marshal of Tin Cup.

Andy Jameson was next to be induced to wear the ill-fated star. Andy was doomed to an early end, since a few months after his appointment, he was shot by a man named Taylor as the result of a blistering argument.

However, for the first time in the history of the mining camp, the murderer was punished. Taylor was arrested, tried in Gunnison, Colorado, and convicted. He served a five year term in the Canon City prison for his crime.

For quite some time after this, the position of marshal remained open—a fact which is hardly surprising. No man could be found who was willing to wear the Badge of Death, as the marshal's star was now termed. It began to look as though Tin Cup was too tough for a marshal.

At last, Dave Corsaut was persuaded to tackle the jinxed job. Dave was an old pioneer who had lived in the Rockies for many years, and who had gained quite a reputation as a fearless fighter in the early border history of Kansas during the John Brown days.

Corsuat's name and fame made him a formidable figure to Tin Cup's lawbreakers. Those who lacked respect for the law obeyed it, nevertheless, in their infinite respect for grim-eyed and indomitable Marshal Corsaut.

As one old timer put it, "It was a mighty sorry man who dared to draw f'r 'em. Why, *hells fire*, a bullet would-a bounced right off his hide!"

So, at last, after three years of violence, death and bloodshed, law and order came to Tin Cup.

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Murder on the Trail

By NEIL MERCER

Monument Valley Arizona Utah border Through desert country of this type the Hamblin party rode

ON a rocky hill overlooking Tonalea, Arizona, stands a square stone monument, plain and aloof, and seemingly a little defiant. Not many travelers see it, because not many travelers go to Tonalea. Situated in a lonely vastness ninety miles from the nearest railroad, Tonalea is only an Indian trading post—and not an important post, at that. Around a murky pond of water stand a few gaunt Navajo ponies, heads hanging listlessly, and thin tails switching. Killdeers yammer and run on the sterile flat, and dilapidated Indian wagons occasionally creak past on the sandy road.

Since there isn't a whole lot to see at Tonalea, it is quite probable that you will never go there. But if you *should* go there, and if you *should* leave the road and climb a narrow foot trail that toils upward through the rocks, you'll find the monument at the farther end of that trail, where it seems to be keeping eternal watch over all this great emptiness of bleached land and blue sky. When you have read the bronze plaque on its face, you'll know that this is a memorial to George Albert Smith, Jr. But, chances are, you still won't know that this is also a memorial to blood and guts, and determination and dreams.

IT is a story that had its beginning about one hundred ten years ago, when George Smith was only a little shaver and his parents were trekking overland to Salt Lake Valley with Brigham Young's first contingent of Mormon settlers. One of his father's wagon drivers, on that occasion, was William Hamblin. As the slow-moving wagons inched their way across the endless plains, it seems likely that Bill Hamblin helped to amuse his employer's little son by telling him wonderful stories of Bill's elder brother, Jacob. This, at least, would explain why this child should have become an ardent hero worshipper of Jacob Hamblin, a man he had never seen.

As years went by and Jacob became famous for his missionary work among Indian tribes of the Southwest, young George Smith never failed to glory in the older man's exploits, and one of the greatest thrills of his life was his first meeting with the noted "Buckskin Apostle." With his eyes mirroring that special awe and devotion that men reserve for their gods—and boys, for their heroes—the lad told Jacob Hamblin that the most cherished dream of his life was to some day be fit to accompany him into the wild "Moqui" country beyond the Colorado.

Another thrilling time in young George's life was in July, 1860, when, at Jacob Hamblin's invitation, he and his father journeyed south from Salt Lake to visit at the Hamblin ranch in Washington County, Utah. With the Hamblin boys, Duane and Lyman, and their Indian foster brother, Albert, the Salt Lake youth first experienced the delights of living in the open, exploring the desert on horseback, working with cattle, and climbing mountains.

ONE day, as the four youths galloped their horses into the yard after some juvenile expedition, George's father remembered the dream which had lain so long in the lad's heart. Turning to Jacob, he asked if it would be possible for George to accompany him on his next trip across the Colorado.

The great Mormon missionary pondered the question gravely.

"It's a long, hard trip to the Moqui villag[illegible] last, "but George is strong and self-reliant. I see no [illegible] why he should not go . . ."

Ninety miles from the nearest railroad in Arizona stands a plain-stone monument, "a memorial to blood and guts, and determination and dreams"

So it was arranged; and when the Hamblin party rode out of Washington County in October of that year, eighteen-year-old George Smith was possibly the happiest person in all the world!

In addition to the boy and Jacob, men comprising this expedition were Thales Haskell, Ira Hatch, Isaac Riddle, James Pearce, Jehiel McConnell, Amos Thornton, Francis—Jacob's younger brother—and a Piute interpreter, Enos. For the first time, the southbound party also included two women—Ira Hatch's wife, Sarah, and the Hamblin's adopted Indian daughter, Eliza.

Even before start of the trip, its leader had been hounded by a mysterious foreboding, and with every mile put behind, that feeling grew stronger. What inspired it, he was unable to say. The men were in good spirits; the animals, healthy and strong. The women were taking to camp life like veterans, and the weather was perfect. But still the foreboding persisted. Other members of the party eventually sensed their leader's apprehensiveness and were discussing the matter with him one day when young George joined the group.

After listening to the conversation for a few moments, the lad turned to Jacob. "If it's me you're worried about, you'll find I'll stick to the end!" he declared earnestly. "That's what I came for!"

Jacob smiled. "I'm sure you will, George," he said, giving the boy a good-natured cuff on the shoulder. "I'm sure you will!"

After crossing the turbulent Colorado River without mishap, the party's leader might have felt some surge of relief, except that now they were traveling in Navajo territory. The Navajos were unpredictable. Their nation, large and loosely knit, was governed by many sub-chiefs, some friendly toward the Mormons, others not. Their main grievance, possibly, stemmed from the fact that the Mormons had opened negotiations with the Navajos' traditional enemies, the Hopis, or "Moquis," who occupied a few near-inaccessible mesa tops in the heart of the Navajo nation.

As the little Mormon expedition crawled across the plateau toward the Hopi village of Oraibi, any concern its members originally had felt for hostile Indians was dissipated in the face of a new development—lack of water. Two days had elapsed since their crossing of the Colorado, and in all that distance the band had encountered no source of supply. Springs which had met Jacob's needs on all previous expeditions had ceased to flow. And now, the mules and cattle were fretting restlessly in their thirst, and lines of worry were creeping into the faces of the men as they plodded across the wasteland, each clothed in his own silence.

Such was the situation when the four Navajo horsemen appeared out of nowhere and boldly joined the party.

Haughty and aloof, sitting their mounts like desert centaurs, they were a fearsome-looking quartet, and not a man but breathed easier when he learned they were from one of the friendly clans.

There was nothing friendly, however, about the tidings they bore. Waiting at the next water hole, a few miles ahead, they declared, was a huge war party of hostile Navajos from Chinle. Unless the Mormons turned back at once, all would be slain.

After lengthy discussion it was decided that neither man nor beast could survive that long, dry journey back to the river, and it was voted to go on to the water hole and gamble on making peace talk. If peace were not to be had, their guns would give them at least a fighting chance for life, whereas they possessed no defense against the hostile and waterless desert.

As the friendly Navajos had warned, the water hole was bristling with Chinle warriors.

Their original ultimatum was that the entire party must die, but after extended palavering through the Piute interpreter, Enos, the warriors offered to spare the Mormon men, provided they turned back immediately and left behind the two women. The offer, needless to say, was rejected.

Because of his wide reputation for truth and honest dealing, Jacob Hamblin had been able to talk himself out of perilous situations on several previous occasions; and now, once again, the force of his logic was put to the supreme test.

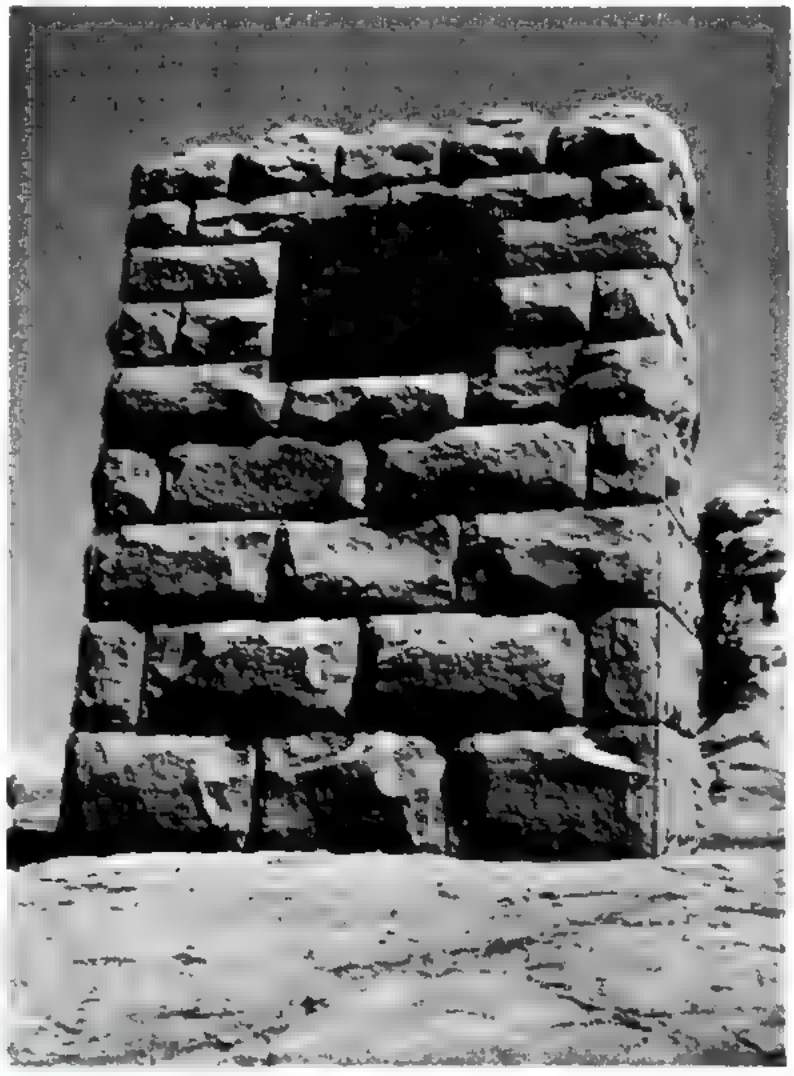
After arguing the matter at length, the warriors agreed that the entire party might go free if the materials they were carrying to the Hopis were surrendered to the Navajos instead. It also was stipulated that the Utah party must turn back immediately without further attempt to reach the Hopi mesas.

With the Hopi stronghold of Oraibi already looming on the southern horizon this was a bitter pill, and only with great reluctance and in desperation did Jacob agree to the terms.

With time for departure nearing, several of the men were delegated to fetch the saddle stock from the small mesa where it had been feeding. When one of the animals bolted and headed down a side trail, young George Smith left

(Continued on page 55)

The monument near Tonalea, Arizona, erected to the memory of George A. Smith, 18-year-old Mormon explorer who was slain near this spot by hostile Indians in 1860.



Synopsis:

In parts one and two of this fascinating tale of the adventures of a present-day treasure seeker, author Rose told of his early days as a prospector and of discovering the Lost Mine of Tayopa. In this concluding instalment we find him making ready for a new adventure—the search for the storied Treasure of Tumacacori.

MY prospector friend John had done much research in the area both north and south of the border. John was sure that the old trail from Father Kino's headquarters at Nuestra Senora de los Dolores, sixty miles southeast of Nogales, Mexico, came to the visita at the Planchas de Plata, went north through the Pajarito Mountains (also called the Arizona Mountains and El Cerro Ruido), and then through El Cerro Ruido to another visita, and thence to a visita at or near the rich silver mine now called Cerro Colorado. Thence the trail continued to a visita in the vicinity of the mines near San Xavier del Bac, thence to the town of Santa Cruz, thence back into Mexico to the headquarters. The mission at Tumacacori was built later, replacing the visita at Tubac. That is why we find the two locations for the Tumacacori mission in the diaries of the priest. Kino had started to build the mission just north of Tubac and had accomplished much work on it when, for reasons unknown, he abandoned it and built the mission on its present site.

This was the route of the padres prior to Kino, and the route of Kino himself when he visited the people in the area.

We believed that there was a rich mine or group of mines in the area somewhere between the Planchas de Plata area and the other mines further north. We hoped and expected to find an Aztec temple converted into a church or visita at that place, and many rich mines as yet undiscovered by any modern-day prospector. This place, we figured, would be the depository for the mineral wealth of the area that had been hidden from raiding Indians and the tax collectors of the King of Spain and the Viceroy of Mexico.

So far in our search we had turned up but one story relating to treasure being found and carried away from the area. This was odd, since the removal of any amount of gold and silver, even in the form of small bars, could have been accomplished only by a large party with many mules and men. Any such expedition would have been noticed and some tale about it would still be told among the local Indians, whether the expedition survived or was massacred. The story we heard referred to a party attacked by the Apaches but which escaped with the treasure. There were tales of massacred bullion trains, but these happened along the Devil's Highway, and the trains were travelling from down in Mexico to California or were coming from California to Mexico.

John and I, with a good outfit including pack burros, established ourselves in the Cerro Ruido mountains. From this base camp, using several burros as saddle animals, we quartered the area east and west, working always toward the U. S.-Mexico border line. The closer we got to the border line the rougher became the going, as the mountain was thickly covered with brush and rocks. Many canyons and gullies, almost impossible to negotiate, were encountered. We found it best to set up a temporary camp high in the mountains and search on foot. Not long after setting up this camp we found what we were hunting, several miles south and in the roughest terrain imaginable. I suspect that we were across the line in Mexico.

THE old Aztec temple we had discovered was almost a complete ruin. The roof was caved in and most of the walls had fallen down. Heavy brush, growing in and around it, camouflaged it so well that one could have easily missed it. Upon inspection we decided it merited no more than a cursory examination. Our primary objective was to find the mine or mines we knew must be in the vicinity.

The search was a painstakingly slow foot-by-foot hunt for veins or openings, or both. It was not long before we found a vein cropping out on the side of a wash. Just above water level was a small opening almost hidden behind brush. After clearing away some brush and much muck, we found a larger opening which led into a long tunnel.

With carbide lights, we started to explore it. There was much caved-in material on the floor, spread unevenly, forming mounds and hollows. I quickly recognized the remnants of old leather ore sacks among the fallen debris. Pulling at the sacks only yielded pieces of stiff, rotten leather, but we did uncover some dark, elongated four-inch metal bars upon which could be seen the Jesuit Cross and V. Further digging disclosed more bars, not all of which were discolored. Some were completely bright, some completely stained, some only half-stained or corroded. But all, without doubt, were of silver.

The overwhelming stench of the tunnel increased the farther back we went. Bat guano was thick everywhere. Forty feet back I spotted a writhing mass, and then another and another. Rattlers! The place was alive with them.

We withdrew to think over the situation. I watched for snakes while John kicked and pushed the dirt from around a few ore sacks. Bars uncovered in this manner were shoved in our pockets. We were soon loaded; even our neck bandannas being used to hold the metal. We then made a hasty exit into the open air. It was getting late, so we headed for camp several miles away.

After supper we discussed ways and means of removing the treasure. The hour was late by the time we had mapped out a plan.

Next morning we moved our camp to a more secluded spot, closer to the treasure tunnel but more secure from prying eyes. Returning, we erased all evidence of recent occupancy at the old place. Then we made our way to the base camp.

On the following morning I took off for Tucson to get necessary supplies. John stayed at camp to look after the burros and to do some local prospecting. I was gone four days, longer than I figured. The matter of obtaining strong canvas sacks was not an easy one. All other items were easily obtained.

Late on the fourth day I drove into camp to discover that John had company—a young man. I cannot, at this late date, recall the name he gave us, but he too was a prospector hunting the Lost Mines of Tumacacori. He said he had done much research on the subject and was sure one or more of the mines must be in this area.

I told him John and I were just prospecting for anything we could find, admitting that we had found a couple of small leads of silver ore possibly worth working. In the course of our talk he asked if I knew which peak was called El Cerro Ruido. I told him a tall peak to the north was called El Cerro Ruido and was so shown on the map. He seemed to attach some significance to a mountain so named. I never implied by word or action that John and I also attached some significance to El Cerro Ruido.

Deep in the dark tunnel of an ancient Spanish mine, these two modern-day treasure seekers found the Treasure of Tumacacori

I fou

The mountain contained the temple, the treasure of Tumacacori, and the mines he was seeking. For the moment at least it all belonged to John and me and we weren't sharing with anybody.

IT was midday before we had the burros packed, camp buttoned up, and were ready to start. We bid our unwelcome guest good-by and started out. We took an entirely new direction, camped along the trail that night, arrived at the new base of operations about noon next day, unloaded and returned for more supplies.

When we got back the following night, our visitor was gone.

Shortly after dawn, we were packed and on our way with another load. Again we took a different direction, to throw off anybody who might be trailing us. We arrived at the new mountain camp early enough to carry all the second load to the mine, leave it, and return to our base.

The next morning we carried the rest of the things we needed to the mine. A

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Photo of silver bars and other treasure items with one bar apparently cast in a mold for Carlos, date 1767. Other bars were cast in wooden molds.

nd a lost mine

By MILTON F. ROSE

heavy shower had fallen during the night. This would help erase any tracks we had made getting there, but the water [illegible] down the wash at the mine [illegible] of the ever-present danger. A cloudburst higher in the mountains could wipe us out or even drown us in the narrow canyon. Accordingly, we moved all the things we needed high above water level.

John and I set to work shoveling the dirt up in the tunnel, sifting it for bars and depositing the dirt onto a folded tarpaulin. The recovered bars were dropped into a heavy canvas sack with tie ropes in the neck. When the tarp had a pretty good load on it, we dragged it outside and dumped the material on the upstream side of the tunnel entrance to form a water break. When the sack was full of bars we carried it out to a safe spot on high ground near the tethered burros.

We each wore a miner's cap with attached lamp. Two miner's hand lamps were hung some ten feet ahead of us, pointing into the tunnel depth. Always handy were two full and pumped-up gas tanks from our gasoline stoves. Plenty of loose wooden matches were in our pockets. The matches, along with our shovels, were our main weapons against the snakes. I had had the shovel edges ground down to almost razor sharpness.

As our lights penetrated deeper into the gloomy tunnel, the snakes, too, moved further in. We had to spray gas on a number of them who decided to fight. Tossed lighted matches set gas and reptiles on fire.

After each snake fight, John and I fled to the outside carrying our equipment and recovered bars with us. However, the smoke and fumes were not troublesome. A gentle breeze blew into the tunnel, showing that there was an opening farther back to the outside and at a higher elevation. The reverse was true at night, so we had to knock off work at dark. The stench was overpowering at night and the gas fumes and smoke came back to us on the reversed breeze. Adding to the danger, some of the snakes went outside at night through the front entrance we were using. Fortunately, most of them seemed to prefer the back entrance for their nocturnal wanderings.

At a depth of about 100 feet, the rattlers put up a stubborn stand. Before the ruckus was over we probably killed about half of them, piling dead snakes to one side of the tunnel for a distance of twenty or more feet. By this time the stench was overpowering and we could work only a short time before heading out for fresh air.

We moved the recovered bars to the vicinity of our base camp at the truck. At a spot near the road, yet readily accessible to the truck, we left twenty sacks of metal bars in two well-concealed stacks. The remaining four sacks, of the twenty-four total, were full. We were nearly out of grub and the rattlesnakes had us about whipped.

THE mystery of the rifled sacks had been cleared up. Long ago, a party had come to carry away the treasure.

(Continued on page 49)

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HITS LIKE A RIFLE—
KILLS RABBITS, SQUIRRELS.
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Average person can hit a 2" bullseye at 30 ft. Excellent for shooting small game. For target fun with friends, set up in patio or den.
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Silver Queen

(Continued from page 19)

However, as early as 1887 newspapers rumored that the "silver king" was broke. Some of his mines were petering out, several of his far-flung investments had proved unsound, and he was suffering heavy losses at poker. To add to his misfortunes, claims against his mines were involving him in constant, costly litigation. Tabor was forced to mortgage the Matchless, then his Denver properties.

A bill signed by President Cleveland demonetizing silver was the beginning of the end. The Panic of 1893 was on. Silver prices tumbled, and almost overnight most of Tabor's mines became worthless. To pay his staggering debts, he sold all of his real estate, including his palatial home.

The Tabors moved to a shoddy cottage on the west end of town. Baby Doe did all her own household chores. Horace is said to have worked as a three-dollar-a-day laborer, after unsuccessfully panning for gold in his Boulder mine. But his still attractive wife remained optimistic, even when she was forced to sell her magnificent jewelry to pay for groceries and rent. "You will be rich again," she told her despairing 65-year-old husband as he snipped off the gold initials from Silver Dollar's photograph albums.

But he never came close. In 1898 a friend interceded with President McKinley to have him named postmaster of Denver at $3,500 a year. Old-timers insisted that Tabor in his wealthier days had played poker with jack pots three times that amount.

A year later, the man once boomed for President by a New Jersey newspaper died of a burst appendix. His dying words to Baby Doe, on April 10, 1889, were: "Don't give up the Matchless. It will make millions again."

HORACE's plea became a sentimental obsession with Baby Doe. Unwilling to consider any other possibilities, she moved to the Matchless. There she began a thirty-six year vigil of loyalty and devotion. Sometimes she donned miner's togs, pretending to be working a rich new vein. But the Matchless never again produced more than enough to keep her and her daughters in groceries.

Her daughters offered her small solace. Disillusioned Lillie went to live with her mother's family. A scandal sent Silver Dollar scurrying away from Leadville. Only when she was scalded to death in a cheap Chicago rooming house in 1925 did Baby Doe learn that her favorite daughter had become not a nun, as she had been led to believe, but an alcoholic and prostitute.

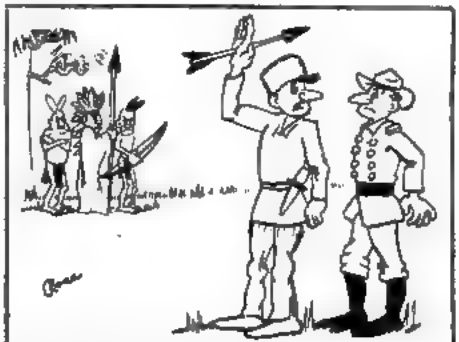
The sorrow-stricken mother became a complete recluse after this tragic news. At times she wielded a shotgun to warn off strangers. After seeing "Silver Dollar," the movie version of her life, starring Edward G. Robinson and Bebe Daniels, two Denver lawyers managed to see Baby Doe and suggest that she sue the producers for $50,000 libel. "You'll get a cash settlement large enough to support you comfortably the rest of your life," they argued.

Baby Doe spurned their suggestion. "I'm not interested in sums like $50,000," she told them. "The Matchless will bring me another fortune yet. You'll see!"

About this time she became friendly with a neighbor who resembled Silver Dollar. Some time later, the younger woman, noting the absence of smoke from Baby Doe's cabin for several blizzardy days, had a friend cut a path through the snow to her isolated shanty. Looking through the newspaper-covered window, they saw her frozen body on the floor. The date was March 7, 1935.

Baby Doe was dead at eighty. Her estate consisted solely of seventeen trunks stuffed with sentimental souvenirs, on which she had somehow managed to pay storage over the years. Voluntary contributions poured in so she could be buried beside the devoted husband who had tenderly called her love "the most beautiful thing in my life."

The recognition Baby Doe had longed for finally came seventy years later. Denver society, which had rejected her during her lifetime, flocked to Central City to applaud her operatic story, "The Ballad of Baby Doe." And, as a final touch of irony, the recently restored Matchless Mine stands as a monument to a frontier woman's undying faith.



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(Continued from page 4)

outfit, sales may be slow. And, with the tremendous expenditure this venture is going to require, they won't have to be so very dad-burned slow before we'll fade like a ball of mist hit by an early morning sun!

What can you do? Talk them up, boost them in your letters, take a copy around to your newspaper editor, TV station, radio station and ask for a little story. Show them what we're doing in the form of this editorial and "What is True West?" on page 3. If they keep your copy, drop us a card and we'll send you another. And, if you find a newsstand not carrying it, step up to the proprietor, grab him by the collar, kick him in the seat of the pants—hard—and say "Now see here, Buster . . ."

Write us from the hospital and we'll rush to your aid. Us "true westernites" have got to stick together. We'll tell that skunk-stomper a thing or two, and then we'll have a nice, long visit with you in the hospital—lying on the bed opposite yours . . .

Seriously, tell us where they "ain't" and where they need to be and we'll send this information on to Kable immediately.

I'm rambling again. I like to ramble. May be the last time I'll get the chance, so I didn't gamble on the future and just rambled around a bit in this one. Hasta la vista, senores, senoras y snorers in general. See you later—quien sabe?—Old Flacked Joe.

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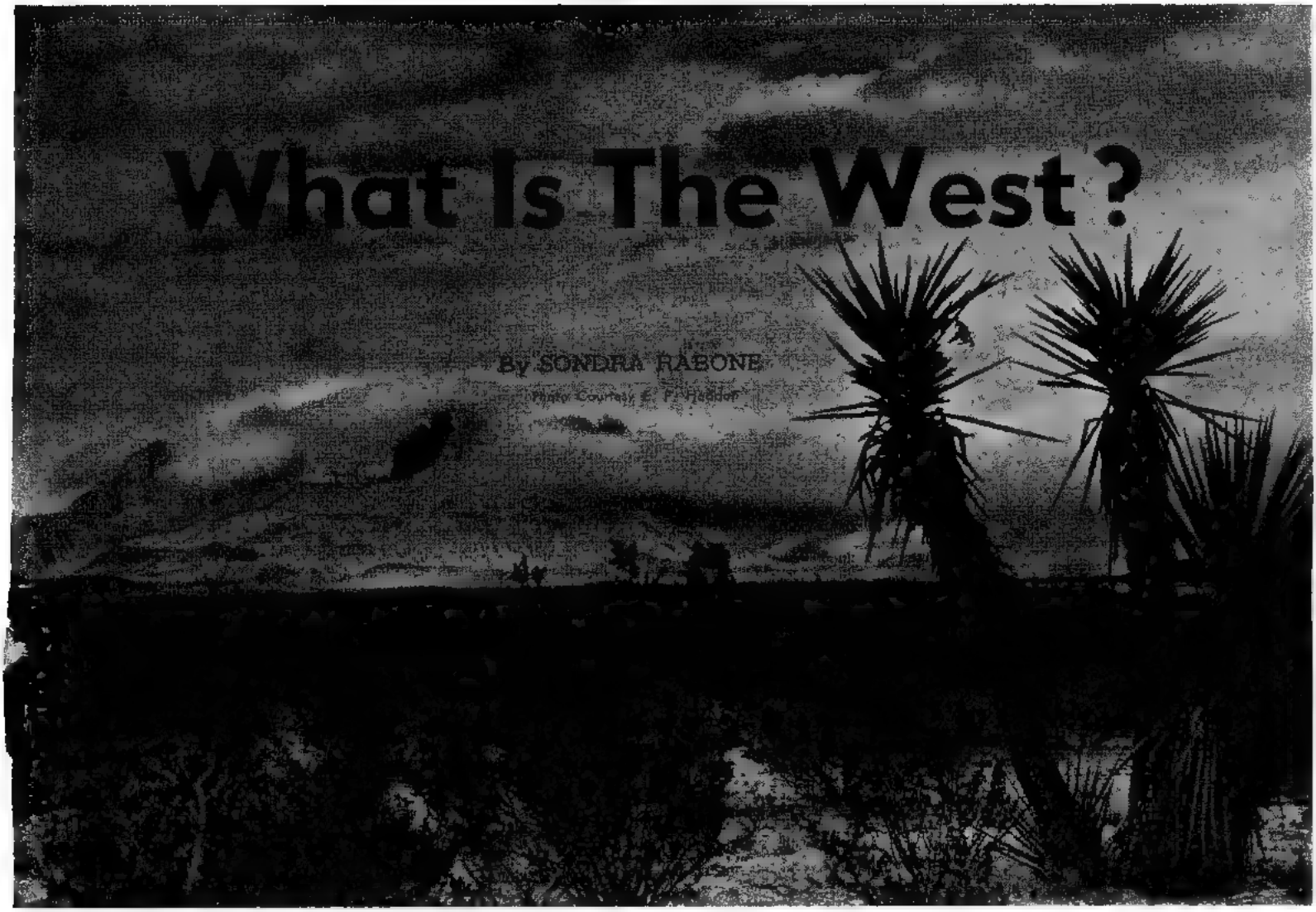

What Is The West?

By SONDRA RABONE

Photo Courtesy E. F. Haddon

Editor's Note:

The following article is a letter written by Sondra Rabone of Denver, Colorado, in reply to a request from an Eastern friend to explain what the West is like. We think the article will be of special interest to our Eastern readers and perhaps to Westerners as well.

YOU ask me to tell you in a letter what the West is like. It is impossible to do this in a letter; it would take a manuscript.

I can tell you this: The West is a land of sharp and often violent contradictions; of glowing beauty and sudden, savage ruthlessness. I have stood awed and silent before the sublime glory of a Western sunrise—and a few hours later I have been buffeted by the sweeping fury of a Western storm. I have ridden through rich, grassy rangeland—and I have gone to school with a mask over my nose and mouth to keep the dust of the late 1930's out of my lungs. I have been caught in a flood and in an avalanche; I have lived in the mountains and on the plains.

Essentially, the West is a composite of levelness, aridity and treelessness. This is not true for every region of the West, but it is generally true. In the entire country, excepting the Northwest, you will find two of these three characteristics.

For you who live in the cosmopolitan surroundings of the East, take a look at our racial groups and note the variety. The West is a mixture of American Indians, Asiatics—Japanese and Chinese—and Europeans. In it blend the results of many races and many civilizations.

Our history began before yours; Spanish explorers roamed our country from 1528 on. But our rugged land was one in which the hardy Spaniards could not or would not stay. We broke them. "We" means our aridness, our fierce Plains Indians—so different from the civilized tribes to the south—and our lonely, limitless space. It is frustrating to conquer space, for what have you got to show for your hard-won victory? This lesson was brought painfully home to *conquistador* Francisco Vasquez Coronado after his fruitless search for the fabled Seven Cities of Gold. He did not conquer the vast Southwest; it conquered *him*.

OUR Plains tribes were proud, fierce warriors, living off the great buffalo herds, and spurning the dull, sedentary life of those unfortunates of their race who were forced to till the soil to exist. Today, our Indians are a rejected people on worthless land, clinging tenaciously to their memories of the proud past as my own grandfather clings to his recollections of the old J. J. Ranch and of Billy the Kid.

We Westerners dip in and out of the past for our traditions and customs. The West has in a sense developed a new culture, and it is difficult to find new traditions for a new culture.

Our West has been, and will continue to be, a land of great space and little water—never enough water. What can you do to make a land habitable with little or no water? How would you farm, how would you live? What would you do without lumber if you could not import it?

Nature kicked up her heels when she created the West, saying in effect "Out here anything goes!" Truly, she went to all the extremes. She excavated a tremendous trench through the vari-colored earth, the trench we call the Grand Canyon. She created an underground fairyland at Carlsbad Cavern in New Mexico—a fantastic place which instantly brings to my mind trolls and witches and Edvard Grieg's musical composition "In The Hall of The Mountain King."

Nature went further in her extravagant splurge; painting the desert and petrifying the trees, running rivers underground and spurting geysers through the earth's crust. She put gold and silver into the ground to fever men's brains and make the West really wild. Booming mining towns sprang up overnight,

(Continued on page 52)

No two people have ever quite agreed on this subject. Here are the views of one Westerner

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What Is True West?

(Continued from page 3)

but the ridiculous bang, bang, cloppity-clop stuff, we think, should go.

Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, one of the world's truly great historians, has made a statement about our magazines that says more in a few paragraphs than I could write in pages of rambling! I am deeply honored to say that Dr. Webb is a close personal friend of mine. No, I didn't offer to pay him to give the following "testimonial"—if you think I did, then you don't know Dr. Webb! I dislike dodging ink wells! Also, you should know that a man of Dr. Webb's caliber would endorse nothing that he did not believe in—no matter how close the friend!

If you don't already know it, Dr. Webb was president of the American Historical Association during 1958, a very great honor. He is ex-president of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, and last year he received a special award from The American Council of Learned Societies as the outstanding historian of America. Among his great writings, such books as *The Great Plains, The Texas Rangers, Divided We Stand,* and *The Great Frontier* stand out. They are works of a great mind—words that will not die.

When I told Dr. Webb that we were going to send copies of our magazines to 30,000 libraries, along with a little message explaining what they were, and asked if he had any ideas, Dr. Webb told me that he would make some notes and send them in. This is what he sent:

TRUE WEST and *Frontier Times* should be in every school and public library in America! I have watched your remarkable progress with interest, and I know of no publications on the American West that make more appeal to a great variety of readers, young and old.

"There is a reason for this appeal. You have hit what in mining parlance is called a 'vein'—in the language of writers, an 'angle.' *You are undertaking to tell the TRUTH about the West.* The people have responded in the way they have because they *like* the truth, and are finding it more exciting than fiction. The files of *True West* and *Frontier Times* are going to be of *great historical value* and should be preserved in all libraries of the country." (Signed) Walter Prescott Webb.

I should say more after that? See you later, Podner!—Joe "Hosstail" Small.

When Booger Red Rode The Man-Killer Grey

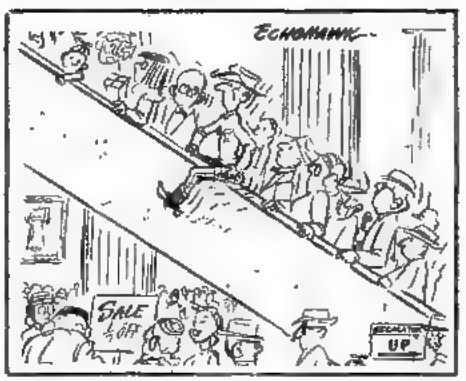
(Continued from page 13)

he fell. A horse-drawn ambulance took him to the hospital. The horse was caught and taken back to the corrals. The show went on. By eleven o'clock the rider was dead.

During the morning the reputation of the grey horse spread—and grew—among the spectators milling around the arena. It was said that no man had been able to ride him to a standstill, that he had thrown them all, that this was the twenty-third man he had killed. Perhaps no man had yet ridden him to a finish. Even if this was only the first man he had killed, he was a terrible horse.

Among the riders present was Booger Red. He was approaching the peak of his riding career, though he was to be much more widely known in years to follow. Certain men now approached him and asked him if he would ride the grey that afternoon. He said he would if they would make a purse for him. A little before twelve o'clock four men on gentle horses started riding among the people with big Stetson hats held out for contributions. Dimes, quarters, half-dollars and silver dollars—for dollar bills were then unknown—were pitched into the hats from all sides until between two and three gallons of silver had been collected.

Whatever the amount was, Booger Red earned it that afternoon. He mounted the grey near the corral. As soon as he was turned loose, the "man-killer," as he was now being called, started out in the one-jump-forward and then zigzag-lunging style that had brought him victory a few hours before. After he had gone forward about a hundred yards in this way, he changed his style and went to fence-rowing. After the one-jump-forward, he would make a twisting turn first to the left and then to the right, bringing the side of his body within the turn so close to the ground that had Booger Red loosened his leg grip his foot could have almost touched the earth. Booger Red did not loosen anything.



When the grey started fence-rowing, he was headed east. After a jump in that direction, he would pitch crossways, headed north, and then twist back to the east and the next time pitch crossways to the south. He kept this up until he had pitched around and over maybe ten acres of land, covering half of it twice.

The crowd, people afoot as well as in buggies and on horses, followed the pitching horse, keeping back far enough not to interfere. He did not seem to notice them. All his attention was on the man cemented to his back and quirting him at every jump so as to keep in rhythm with his motions.

After pitching all over those acres of ground and halfway over them again, the grey made one last lunge and then set out on a beeline run for the corral. "I was standing near the gate," Joseph J. Good says, "when the horse, of his own accord, stopped right at it. Two men seized his ears, bridle and headstall and held him while Booger Red dismounted. He was so exhausted that he had to lean against the fence in order to stand up.

"The horse was totally blind. He had pitched himself blind. He was led away, and I never heard what became of him. The worst pitching horse I ever saw and the best rider I ever saw were together that afternoon at the Fort Worth Stock Show. I doubt if Booger Red ever rode a worse horse than the dappled grey man-killer."

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Wild Old Days

The Texas Patterson (left) and the famous Walker frame their inventor, Col. Samuel Colt.

THE FABULOUS FORTY-FOUR

By LOUIS WM STEINWEDEL

FAMED in song, story and legend for years, the name "forty-four" coupled with "six-shooter" has grown into an American institution. Almost everyone associates these well-known names with the West of years ago. However, the designation of "forty-four" is older than most people suppose.

One of the earliest of the forty-fours was the Whitneyville Walker Colt revolver which was in use as early as 1847 and was popularly known as the Texas model because of its use in Texas at the time of the Mexican War. This multi-shot gun enlarged the strength of the small American and Texan forces there against the Mexicans who were using single-shot weapons. Only about a thousand of these weapons were produced and today the gun is held in high esteem by collectors as one of the rarest items.

In 1848 Samuel Colt established his own factory at Hartford, Connecticut, (the present Colt factory is still located in that city) and produced another .44 calibre army revolver known as the Hartford Dragoon. A number of these guns were suited for use with a detachable shoulder stock which transformed them from revolvers into carbines. This model is also highly valued by collectors and gun fanciers

During the War Between the States the revolver used extensively by both sides was also of .44 calibre. Designated the Colt New Model Army Pistol or simply the Holster Pistol, this model was popular and was produced in large quantities, with about 200,000 being made in all. Following the war, many of the holster pistols were converted for use with the new primed metallic cartridge as is used today. Up to this time all guns were loaded with a charge of powder and a lead ball. The powder charge in each chamber was set off by means of a separate percussion cap. In this method each component was loaded separately. The metallic cartridge facilitated considerably faster loading as primer, casing, powder, and bullet were loaded simultaneously.

THE most famous .44 was the next to be introduced—the Colt .44 Frontier Six-Shooter. Originally put out in 1873 in .45 calibre and officially designated as the New Model Army Metallic Cartridge Revolving Pistol, this model was not produced in .44 calibre until five years later in 1878. It was then marked and called the "Colt Frontier Six-Shooter" to distinguish it from the .45 calibre gun. The .44-40 calibre that it was produced in was the same as that of the famous Winchester Model 1873 lever action rifles and carbines. Thus the metallic cartridge was exactly the same and was used interchangeably in revolver and rifle. The Frontier model was later produced in various calibres from .22 to .45 but the .44 is still the most famous. The model is still made in .38 and .45 calibres.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company of New Haven, Conn., introduced their .44-40 calibre Model 1873 rifle, employing the Kings Improvement Patent, the same year as the Colt Frontier Model Revolver was introduced. Probably the most famous of lever action rifles it was produced in both rifle and carbine models, the rifle model carrying sixteen cartridges—fifteen in the magazine and one in the chamber. The Model 1873 was very popular in the West, being produced up to 1931 and winding up with a total of almost one-half million guns being manufactured. Other rifles also using the popular .44-40 cartridge included the Burgess lever action (made by Colt), the Marlin lever action, the Ballard lever action, and the Bullard rifle.

The Remington Arms Company, of Illion, New York, put out a revolver that was introduced a short time after the Colt Frontier Model appeared. This was designed to be competition for the famous Colt weapon, but never managed to attain the popularity of the latter gun. The general appearance of the Remington Frontier Revolver is similar to that of the Colt Frontier Model, except that the handle is shaped differently and the ejector is on the opposite side of the barrel. The Remington Frontier Model was the favorite pistol of Frank James, brother of Jesse James.

More modern guns of .44 calibre include the double action Colt New Service Model Revolver, adopted for use by both the Army and the Marine Corps, and the Smith and Wesson Military Model, calibre .44 S & W Special. This model is particularly popular in the southwestern states. Of course, many of the original .44 Colts and Winchesters are still in use. The designation "forty-four" has won a permanent place in the history of firearms in our country; it will never vanish.

JOHN THE BAPTIST AND HIS LETHAL BIBLE

By TOM BAILEY

BACK in the early 1870's a Baptist preacher named John Goad went from one Nevada mining camp to the next preaching the gospel. He'd hold revival meetings in the street, in abandoned houses, barns, and even in saloons if they'd let him. As a result of his converting so many saloon patrons and turning them from the evil of drink, he roused the anger of saloon keepers who through threats and intimidation made it almost impossible for him to preach anywhere. His meetings were broken up by rowdies hired for that purpose. He became known all over the Mother Lode country as John the Baptist and one day while negotiating for a hall in Car-

(Continued on page 40)

Sergeant Colebrook, of the Northwest Mounted. His killing by Almighty Voice gave the Mounties one of their most difficult cases.

The Last Warrior

(Continued from page 27)

the solemn Cree blood oath to fight and die beside their doomed kinsman, Almighty Voice.

The three Indians fired first, wounding Inspector Allan and Sergeant Raven. The Sergeant was badly hit, with a bullet wound in the groin; Allan was shot through the shoulder. Corporal C. S. Hockin, now in command, rescued his wounded superiors, then spread his nine men around the heavily wooded hill where the Indians had holed up. An attempt to set the woods afire failed because the underbrush was too green to burn. The police settled down to wait for the Indians to make a break to escape.

By mid-afternoon nothing had happened. Hockin, fearing that the crafty Crees would sneak through the police cordon in the night, decided to move in on them. Reinforcements were on the way from Duck Lake, but Hockin couldn't afford to wait for their arrival. At four o'clock, the Corporal led his nine constables and one civilian volunteer in a stealthy, slow advance up the hill.

Halfway up Bellevue Hill, the Whites entered dense brush. The Indians jumped them seconds later. In the brief, vicious gunfight that followed, Corporal Hockin was the first to fall—shot through the heart. Civilian Ernest Grundy, the adventurous postmaster at Duck Lake who had joined the police to "enjoy the show," was blasted down at such close range his face was powder-burned. Constable J. R. Kerr dropped, mortally gut-shot, gasping to his comrades: "For God's sake, get out of this!" The eight survivors fled back down the slope.

Topean was killed in this encounter, and Almighty Voice was painfully wounded in the leg. Four killed, three wounded, was the Indians' score to date. The Voice and Going-up-to-Sky dug in just under the top of the hill in a thicket. Their ammunition was low, they had no food or water, but the thought of surrender never entered their minds. "The white men will bring wagon-guns (artillery)" grimly predicted Almighty Voice. "We cannot live under the shells, but we will die like Cree warriors."

At last, the police had learned their lesson; no further charges upon the Indians were attempted. Help arrived at dusk from Prince Albert and Duck Lake, and pickets were stationed at twenty-foot intervals all around the hill. The police squad from Prince Albert was armed with a seven-pounder gun. At ten o'clock, twenty-four men under Assistant Commissioner McIlree and Inspector McDonnell arrived from Duck Lake after a fast run by special train from Regina, 200 miles to the south. McIlree had brought along a nine-pounder gun. After a quick survey of the situation, the Commissioner decided to wait until early the next morning to go into action. The two field guns would open with a barrage, preceding a simultaneous general advance up all sides of the hill.

Scores of civilians began arriving to be on hand for the showdown; Whites, half-breeds and Indians, from the surrounding farms and settlements and from all parts of the Reserve. Many of the newcomers were openly in sympathy with the trapped Crees. Even the police, angry as they were at the death of their comrades, hated the ruthless job ahead. Casimar Dickson, the joker constable responsible for the first killing, had long since been stripped of his uniform and dishonorably discharged from the Force after having been made to dig Sergeant Colebrook's grave under guard.

Tents sprang up around the base of the hill. Campfires were lighted beyond rifle range of the quarry, and bacon was fried and coffee boiled. Almighty Voice smelled the tantalizing aroma and shouted in his great, roaring voice that carried half a mile: "Brothers, we have fought a good fight today. I have fought hard and I am hungry and thirsty. You have food and coffee; send me some, and tomorrow we will finish the fight!"

This was a simple and logical request to the Cree brave, whose warlike ancestors for centuries past had often halted hostilities to eat and drink before fighting a foe to the finish. The Voice's sensible suggestion made no sense to the encircling white men; instead it made them uneasy and half-afraid. What strange manner of man was this, who could call upon his enemies for food and drink when certain death at their hands awaited him within a few hours? The only answer the bewildered besiegers could think of was to fire a scattering burst of rifle shots at the hilltop.

At midnight on that first day of the siege (May 28, 1897) Spotted Calf appeared on a nearby knoll. For two hours the old woman stood there in the chill darkness, alternately chanting and calling encouragement to her warrior son. Her wailing songs told the *coups* achieved in battle by his father, Sounding Sky, and by his famed war-chief grandfather, One Arrow. "Listen, my son!" cried Spotted Calf, "I bring you word of your wife. In her lonely lodge, she sits singing to your little boy of his father's courage. Her eyes are dry, she does not weep. She is the wife of a Cree warrior!"

At intervals, Spotted Calf was silent that Almighty Voice might answer. "*Ho*, I am brave, my mother," sang Almighty Voice. "I am wounded, but the white man cannot make me surrender. The son of Sounding Sky and Spotted Calf will never hang in chains from the white man's gallows. My body they will shoot to pieces, but my spirit will laugh at them from the sky lodges of the Above People!"

"*Ai-ee*" wailed Spotted Calf. "You will die a warrior. I will come back in the morning to sing your death song."

Before the field guns opened up next morning, half-breed interpreters called upon Almighty Voice to surrender. For answer, the sharpshooting killer shot down a crow flying high over the hill in the bleak dawn light. "Come get me, Redcoats!" he taunted. "Come—drag me out of my hole. I am wounded—I cannot walk. It will be easy for you! One crippled brave and a boy—why are you afraid?"

The field guns opened fire at once, throwing high-explosive shells. For an hour the gunners bombarded the hilltop until the entire area appeared churned to dust and splintered, shattered brush. Commissioner McIlree ordered the gunners to cease firing—and in the sudden, shocking stillness, the keening voice of Spotted Calf was heard again from the knoll singing her son's death song. His voice boomed down from the hilltop, chanting a deep-throated reply. Then the death song was finished, and Almighty Voice called out: "Brothers, you have done well. But I still live. You will have to do better!"

McIlree waved his arm in a signal to the gunners to resume firing. This time the guns fired until the whole hilltop was plowed up by the bursting shells. At noon the barrage ceased. Police and volunteers crept cautiously up the smoke-wreathed hill, through the acrid cordite reek, rifles at the ready.

They found the two Indians in a shallow rifle-pit, covered over with brush. Almighty Voice was dead; seven gaping wounds were counted in his body. The boy, Going-up-to-Sky, huddled in a corner of the pit. He was dying, his intestines oozed from his metal-slashed belly. Henry Smith, a half-breed who later carried Almighty Voice's shattered body to his mother's lodge, declared that a police officer administered the *coup de grace* to the dying boy by shooting him through the head. This was later denied by the police, who announced that the boy was already dead when they reached the rifle pit.

All around the pit, bark had been stripped from the trees—bark eaten by the Indians in an attempt to dull the gnawing pangs of hunger. The doomed pair had dug desperately for water at the bottom of their shelter hole. Their bloody faces and swollen, blackened tongues were caked with mud, revealing that they had tried frantically to suck moisture from the damp earth.

Down the hill from the edge of the pit, near the spot where Corporal Hockin, Constable Kerr, and Postmaster Grundy had fallen, the police found a few Cree words carved on a tree. Translated into English, they read:

HERE HAVE DIED THREE BRAVES.

The wounded Almighty Voice had inscribed a warrior's generous tribute to brave foes; a fitting final act for the Last Warrior of the Crees.

Town of Beer and Sorrow

(Continued from page 25)

ing the shrewd ones, the rancheros had penned their cattle at Ojinaga, without feed or water, for three days before making delivery to the Texas side. In this manner, they planned to shrink them, thus saving money on duties.

And while the hungry, thirsty cattle milled in the pens, bawling out their misery, and while the rancheros drank and gambled in the cantinas, the Rio

(Continued on page 40)

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THIS IS TRUE WEST!

DON'T MISS THIS ONE!

It should be right there on all newsstands by the warm side of TRUE WEST come March 10. If it isn't, let us know and we'll pass along the information to our distributor. It's cram-jammed—one more word would have busted its seams! Four-color cover, sixteen more pages (at no additional cost!)—and look at this partial list of contents:

ARIZONA HELL HOLE!—The shocking disclosure of the most dreaded prison in America in the days of the Early West. Read about the Snake Pit, the TB Ward, and the guard who bragged he always started each working day by beating up a prisoner—any prisoner!

PIONEER REMEDIES—KILL OR CURE!—A pioneer doctor employed a variety of sources for his curing of people on America's frontier. This doctor combined Indian medical practices with those recognized by white medical authorities, and others not so recognized.

THE LAST HUNT—The saddening tale of the death knell of the Indian's way of life. Read of the last great hunt the red man makes on the buffalo herd of the Great Plains which rang down the curtain on life in America the way it was before the white man came.

I KNEW BUFFALO BILL—Buffalo Bill, or William Cody, the way he really was, as a friend of his saw and knew him.

THE LITTLE KILLER OF BIG BEND—"Take 10 men and line 'em up against a wall and ask the average man to pick out a killer, and chances are there'd have been 9 guesses before anyone would have picked this kid." The strange tale of a scrawny kid who put two men in their graves.

FIRST "NAVIGATOR" OF THE PRAIRIES—The strange story of the maiden voyage of the first (and last!) clipper of America's Great West. You'll enjoy the launching and short sail of this imaginative venture.

"HE'D RATHER DIE THAN BE TAMED!"—A cowboy relates his sorrow at watching a horse that would rather be free than anything else in the world die before his eyes after he had captured it from the hills it had so loved.

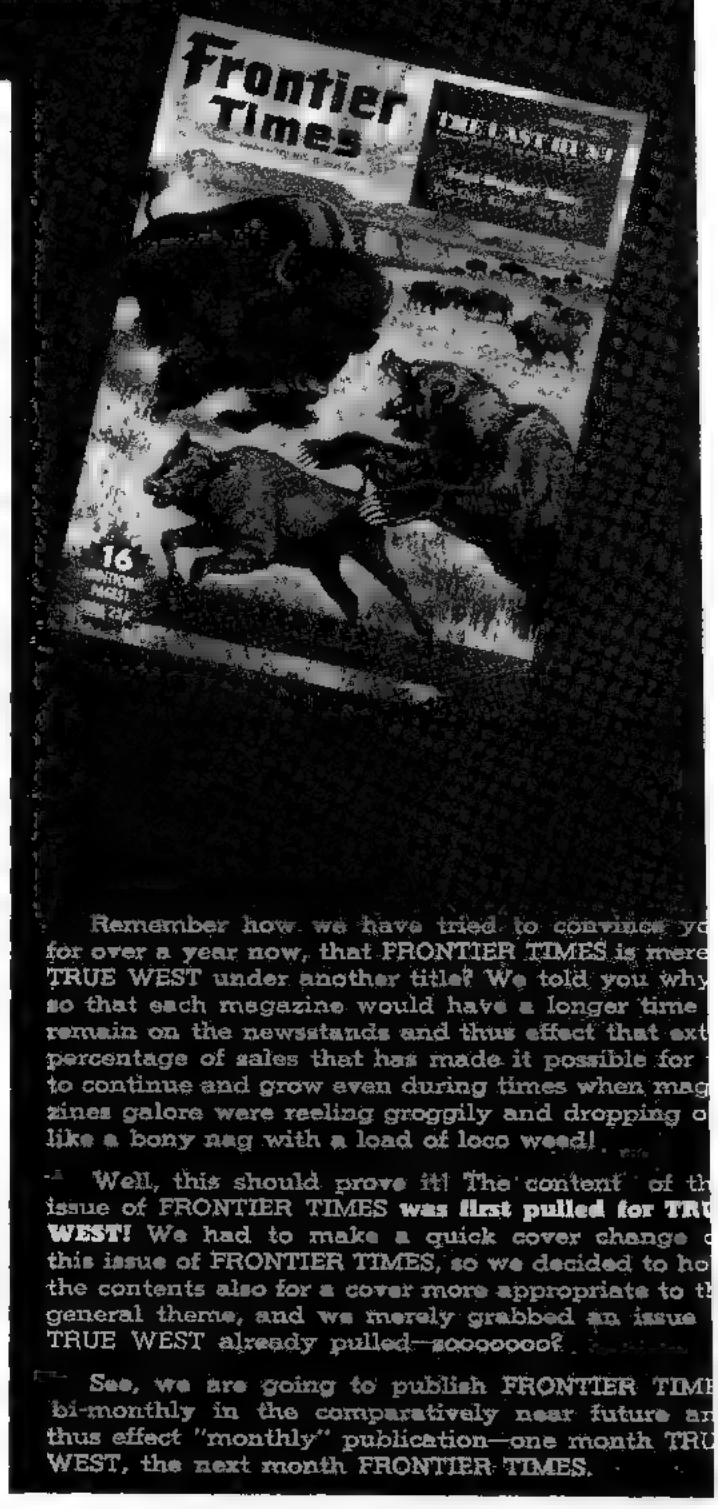
THE BLACK HAWK WAR—The story of one of the very last Indian uprisings in revolt at the growing authority of the "white eyes" in Washington, D. C.

GUIDE MAP OF THE GREAT TEXAS CATTLE TRAIL—Information no Western history fan would want to be without. Accompanied by a map of the area discussed so interestingly in the article.

SHE CUT OFF HIS HEAD!—One afternoon in the early days of Texas, Injuns came a-callin' while the men were away.

But what happened when the redskins attacked the "defenseless women" of the household caused them to give the house a mighty wide berth thereafter!

ALSO, two J. Frank Dobie stories—OLD BILL COLE AND THE LOOT and CURIOUS COYOTES, THE LOST BADGER MINE, NUGGETS (including the BEAVER CREEK MASSACRE AND THE OLD BATHING TUB); not to mention a whole passel of rare Old West photos, illustrations and departments!



Remember how we have tried to convince yo
for over a year now, that FRONTIER TIMES is mere
TRUE WEST under another title? We told you why
so that each magazine would have a longer time
remain on the newsstands and thus effect that ext
percentage of sales that has made it possible for
to continue and grow even during times when mag
zines galore were reeling groggily and dropping o
like a bony nag with a load of loco weed!

Well, this should prove it! The content of th
issue of FRONTIER TIMES **was first pulled for TRU
WEST!** We had to make a quick cover change
this issue of FRONTIER TIMES, so we decided to ho
the contents also for a cover more appropriate to t
general theme, and we merely grabbed an issue
TRUE WEST already pulled—soooooooo?

See, we are going to publish FRONTIER TIM
bi-monthly in the comparatively near future an
thus effect "monthly" publication—one month TRU
WEST, the next month FRONTIER TIMES.

FRONTIER TIMES, Box 5008-TW, Austin 31, Texas

I am enclosing ☐ $1 for 4 issues; ☐ $2 for 8 issues;
☐ $3 for 12 issues (check one) of FRONTIER TIMES.

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Grande played a trick on them. It rose suddenly to flood height and washed out one end of the international bridge, so that when the drunken rancheros started the herd across on the day of delivery, the cattle went out to the end of the wrecked bridge and plunged off into the water. The river was shallow here, but still deep enough for thirsty cattle to get a drink. Which these cattle did.

The rancheros swore vile oaths. They lashed the cattle with whips. They spurred their backs with huge Chihuahua spurs. Nevertheless, the starved cattle stood and drank, swelling their sides with Rio Grande flood water, each pound of which eventually cost the rancheros so many cents, American, in import duties.

IT was a great blow to the well-laid plans of the Mexican rancheros and they returned to Ojinaga in the evening filled with the wrath of frustration. They drank heavily in the cantinas and became unruly.

Then Juan's gamecock, who had the run of the streets and of every bar in town, had the misfortune to hop inside the cantina, where he often picked up roasted pumpkin seeds that drinkers had dropped upon the floor. He became excited at the carousing rancheros and uttered startled cackling sounds.

That is what started the trouble. One drunken ranchero was offended that a rooster would cackle at him. He flung a beer bottle at the bird, knocking him through the open door.

The gamecock came to his feet with a squawk. Someone flung a second bottle. The rooster started down the street at a fast run. And behind him, the rancheros poured out of the cantina and gave chase. The rooster ran faster, but so did the drunken ones. Whooping and yelling, they chased the magnificent gamecock through the streets, hurling at him empty bottles that made terrible moaning sounds before shattering against the rocky earth.

Juan heard the commotion and left a nearly full bottle of beer sitting on a bar to go chase after the carousing ones who chased after his rooster. Juan shouted great obscenities at them. He called them drunken dogs of dogs, lizards' bellies, and goats with the stench of the Evil One upon them.

But Juan could not stop them. They chased his rooster out to the end of the street where the ground cut sharply away toward the river. And there the poor bird took wing and sailed out over the Rio Grande, squawking his fright.

And while he was still in the air, the Devil, disguised as a great gray hawk, swooped down upon him, sinking cruel talons into the back of the rooster and carrying him to the ground in a cloud of feathers.

Broken, bitter to the core, Juan retraced his steps to the bar to drown his despair. Only to find that in his absence someone without honor had stolen his beer.

THUS it has been with his people for centuries, Juan explained. Always, the Devil, in one guise or another, has been ready to pounce upon the weak and unwary. It is a curse that the Old Ones brought upon themselves back in times so remote that not even the great-grandfathers of his grandfathers could remember when it happened.

But it was in the days when there was still peace upon the land, when all this great tumbling country, from north of the Chinati Mountains in Texas to far below the Santa Cruz range below the river, was a fertile land of green hillsides and flowering meadows and brooks that gushed cold, clear water from under the ledges. It was a beautiful, bountiful land then, and in it the River People lived lives of the Blessed.

But then the Devil came to live in a hole, there on the western shoulder of the Santa Cruz. And he made himself a great rope, one end of which he tied to the point of the mountain, the other to the great boulder that stands there in the middle of Ojinaga's main street. And nightly, hand over hand, the Devil came down the rope into the village, where he waylaid young maidens, started bitter fights among friends, and spread disease and pestilence among the people.

Alarmed at these things, the Old Ones prepared to trap and destroy the Devil. With great labor, they carried rocks and mortar to the top of the peak and built a slab-stone hut over the mouth of the Devil's hole, meaning to trap him inside.

But the Devil was a smart Indian. While the Old Ones were struggling to slide into place the last great stone that would seal up the hole forever, the Devil changed himself into a buzzard and slipped between their legs.

And in his anger at the people, the Devil spread his wings and sailed out over the Rio Grande Valley in ever-widening circles. And wherever the black shadow of his wings passed over the earth, it was as if fire had touched it. Flowers, trees, and grasses all died. The springs ceased to flow. And great floods came and washed the soil away, so that the bare rocks stuck out like the bones of a carcass gnawed clean by the coyotes. And ugly plants sprouted from the rocks, to grow sharp spines that reach out and stab one, leaving wounds that become sore and festered.

So today, there is desolation in a once fertile land. And still the Devil lurks in his hole in the mountain or in the mesquites and tall weeds beside the river, coming nightly to haunt the village.

Juan could prove that the Devil is still there. He waved a beer bottle dramatically and said: "Look at the floods, the drouths, the famines, the disease and sorrow."

I looked. I looked at the huge boulder in the middle of the village and up at the high shoulder of the mountain where the light of the sinking sun touched the side of a tiny slabstone hut. I looked at the barren land, spreading for miles away from the river on either side. And at the maze of sun-blistered peaks, the slopes of raw, unwatered soil, the foul greasewood, the weird ocotilla with its groping, octopus-like arms. I looked and thought of Juan and his tragic loss of a rooster. Then, sorrowfully, I turned and ordered more beer. *From Southwest Review.*

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 37)

son City, Nevada, a big bully named Mike Mink walked up to the preacher and ordered him to get out of town or suffer the beating of his life.

"And if I don't leave, who will beat me?"

"I will," said the giant.

"I must warn you to stay away from me," said John the Baptist. "This Bible I am carrying is all powerful. It says in here——"

Big Mike was impatient. He reached for the preacher, who stepped back and flipped open the Bible, which concealed a derringer, neatly fitted into a carved out section between the covers.

John the Baptist fired point blank, the slug striking big Mike in the chest and driving him backward.

The preacher replaced he gun inside the Good Book and continued on about his business.

Big Mike did not die, but after that he stayed out of the preacher's way. And so did everyone else. Rev. John Goad had many more converts before he left the Lode to become the pastor of a Baptist church in Lodi, California, where he died in 1907.

FRONTIER DOIN'S

By CHARLES C. PATCH

SOME of you old-timers may remember Stutterin' Bones. He ranged through Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming,

"You'll have to admit—this IS unusual—but we'll have to give HER the prize!"

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and from there, maybe to Heaven or Hell, who knows?

He wasn't any bigger than a bar of soap, but when he got a few drinks, he got to thinking he was bigger than a load of hay. He was a good hand and, with his quick wit and general likeableness, he got out of a lot of scrapes that would have cost a less personable person a black eye—or worse. People forgave him his weakness because he was such a nice fellow when he was sober.

He stepped into a saloon in a small Wyoming town one time, loaded with red-eye.

"I c-c-can wh-wh-whip any s-s-son of a b . . . . in this s-s-saloon!" he yelled.

A burly mule-skinner, a stranger in town, pushed himself away from the bar and advanced toward the door where Bones stood. His fists were clenched, jaw protruded, and massive shoulders hunched forward.

"You can't whip me," he said.

Bones looked him over and figured that maybe the big brute was right.

"Are y-y-you a s-s-son of a b . . . . ?" he asked.

"No, I ain't!"

"Th-th-then that lets y-y-you out," said Bones amiably.

ANOTHER time, Bones went to a schoolhouse dance. You have seen them—the music was in a corner near the door, nail kegs and apple boxes with planks laid across their tops, lined the walls. The women (from eight to eighty) sat on the planks. The men stood outside or in the doorway.

Bones had a lot of friends there—each with a bottle. He had a bottle too, and each time he drank with a friend, the friend had to drink with him. By midnight Bones thought he was big enough to eat hay.

As the organ and fiddle struck up a two-step, Bones wobbled across the empty floor to ask Lily for a dance. Ordinarily she would have been glad to dance with him but in his present condition—

"No thanks, Bones, I won't dance with you—you're too drunk."

Indignation flared in his liquor-glazed eyes.

"All r-r-right," he retorted, "y-y-you c-c-can go to hell!"

The women seated within earshot of Lily gasped at this ungentlemanlike conduct. Something had ought to be done about it! Where is Lily's brother? Even Stutterin' Bones has gone too far this time!

Lily beckoned to her brother who had just entered the schoolhouse.

"Bones insulted me," she said simply.

Without further questions her brother swung on the heel of his cowboot and walked to the door. He found Bones outside.

"Look, Bones," he said unceremoniously, "you insulted my sister. Either you go inside with me and apologize, or stay out here an' take a whippin'."

Bones thought it over a moment.

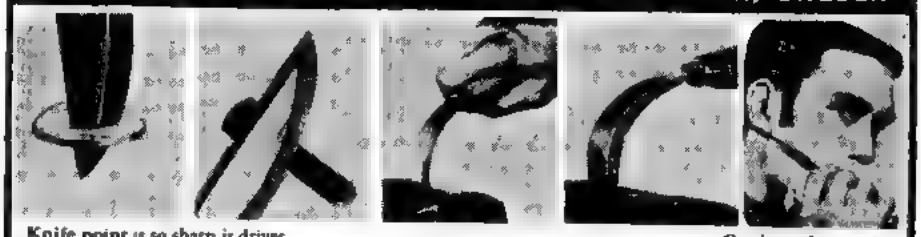
"All r-r-right," he said, "I'll p-p-poligize."

As the two-step ended, the brother took Bones by the arm and led him across the dance floor. The women leaned and crowded toward Lily, to hear.

As they paused before Lily, the brother's grip on Bones' arm tightened.

"L-L-Lily," said Bones, "y-y-you d-d-don't need to g-go to hell if you d-d-don't want to. Your brother an' I have m-m-made different arrangements."

WORLD'S SHARPEST, TOUGHEST, STRONGEST KNIFE
FROM THE WORLD-FAMOUS CRAFTSMEN OF MORA, SWEDEN



Knife point is so sharp it drives through coin or metal. Blade edge so tough it can drive through a bolt—cut a nail in two!

Blade is so strong & resilient, you can bend it over 90° without breaking or damage.

Cutting edge can be honed to such razor sharpness you can shave with it!

NORSE KING
SWEDISH
PROFESSIONAL GUIDE'S
HUNTING KNIFE

This is the sharp Mora Blade that has always stood between life and death in the cruel Northland—that has met the fierce attack of wild bear or wolf—the blade *relied on* to take game with one swift blow or throw; to cut wood for fire or shelter; to skin game; to be a rugged tool of every work—the weapon of last resort. It must be the BEST!

To guarantee this, famed craftsmen of Mora, using the world-renowned Swedish steels, developed their wonderful triple-laminated blade into the most practical, most versatile knife a sportsman ever carried!

REMARKABLE CONSTRUCTION

Famed Mora Blade has three layers (see illustration below) inseparably welded together. The inner, center layer is a thin, incredibly hard sliver of alloy steel designed to take a razor-sharp edge. But if the whole knife were made of such steel, it would shatter at a hard blow. So the center hard core is sandwiched in between supporting slabs of tough, flexible, resilient steel.

1 Blade length—ideal 4½" for maximum leverage and cutting pressure on point and edge. Perfectly balanced for accurate throwing.

2 Handfitting Swedish Birch handle—it cannot slip or turn in the hand. Easy to clean, polishes better with age.

3 Blade tongue extends clear through handle and is inseparably riveted through nickel-silver pommel and ferrule.

4 No hilt to get in way of cutting action. Knife is such perfect design the hand cannot slip.

5 Safety, quick-draw sheath. Holds knife securely yet is ready for instant one-hand draw. Hangs at belt—is never in the way. Blade cannot penetrate sheath to cut you.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—YOU RISK NOTHING

To introduce this knife to the American Market we offer it at this low, low price of $1.98. Once you see Norse King you will wonder how such superb appearance, style and quality can be offered at such a low price. So we make this fool-proof offer. Order your Norse King knife today. Show it to the most experienced outdoorsmen you know. Use it for 60 days. Test it in any way you ever used a knife—and any you can dream up! If you are not satisfied that it is the greatest knife you ever owned, just return it for prompt refund. Mail coupon now!

THE SECRET OF THE MORA BLADE

Famed Mora blades are made from the finest cutlery steel in the world, hand-forged and tempered with the greatest care. Every blade has THREE layers (see illustration) inseparably welded together. The inner, center layer is a thin, incredibly hard sliver of alloy steel designed to take a razor-sharp edge. But if the whole knife were made of such steel it would shatter at a hard blow. So the center hard core is sandwiched in between supporting slabs of tough, flexible resilient steel. That's why we GUARANTEE THIS BLADE AGAINST BREAKAGE!

SPECIAL-OFFER COUPON — SEND NOW!

Use this coupon to order your Norse King on our NO-RISK OFFER. Use this knife for 60 days. Give it every possible test. If you are not convinced it is the knife you want and need—that you would never part with—just return it and get your money back immediately. You risk absolutely nothing. Order today. Mail coupon.

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Please rush ____ NORSE KING knife(s) by return mail at $1.98 each, on your GUARANTEED OFFER. I am adding 25¢ per knife to cover handling.

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TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE

By REBECCA O. HUTTO

IN September, 1899, I arrived by mail-hack in the small dust-swept town of Aspermont, county seat of Stonewall County, Texas, to teach my first school, the Pleasant Hill School, six miles south of Aspermont. The hack-driver took me to the home of the county sheriff, where I was to be a guest until Mr. Pringle Moore, a trustee of the Pleasant Hill School, could be notified to come for me.

The sheriff's young wife, a new bride from the East, was just becoming resigned to the woodbox that held the only fuel supply, and the "dear old oaken bucket," the lone source of water supply in her new home. Both these monsters were likely to be empty at any time. In fact, among the men folk of the hamlet, there was a feeling that either could be easily overfilled.

When my hostess started to prepare the midday meal, she discovered that the woodbox was empty—not even one stick of wood to fire the old black cookstove. Neither of us had been trained in the masculine art of woodchopping, and the situation looked bleak until the exasperated wife took action.

Hailing a passing cowhand, she sent word to her husband, Sheriff Eli Kidwell, who had been tied up with a hung jury for three days and nights in the McGaughey murder case, one of the hardest fought murder cases ever tried in West Texas. Mrs. Kidwell called on the sheriff to come home at once and chop her some wood, regardless of murder trials with hung juries. The tone of her voice when she gave the message left no doubt that she meant business.

Relief came soon in the person of one grim-looking young sheriff and twelve jurors, booted and spurred, who clicked their way to the woodpile in the back yard.

While the sheriff split an ample supply of stove lengths, the jurors sat on mesquite logs with a cold wind whipping their reddened faces. Not a word was spoken, nobody offered to help the sheriff, not a man stirred from his log, not a Bull Durham cigarette was rolled, not a flask of bottled cheer was passed around. It was a stern and solemn gathering, for sure.

When the sheriff had finished, the twelve good men and true, ten-gallon Stetsons pulled low over their foreheads, filed back to the courthouse led by a tall, lean, high-booted, hairy-chested, two-gun sheriff from the Texas plains. Next day the jurors brought in a verdict NOT GUILTY!

MISHAP ON THE EMBUDO GRADE

By WELDON F. HEALD

THE Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad's narrow gauge line from Antonito, Colorado, south to Santa Fe, New Mexico, is no more—much to the regret of the few old-timers still around who traveled on it.

In its day, the D. and R.G.W. provided one of the most picturesque runs in the Far West. The mixed trains ambled along the 120-mile track, uphill, down winding grades and through narrow canyons, taking seven to eight hours for the enjoyable trip. The road was completed in 1881, during the lush days of Colorado's narrow gauge empire, and ran until the late 1930's. It is still remembered with affection by its old customers as the "Chili Line," for there was a distinct Spanish-American flavor to the bulk of the passengers. Spanish-American, too, was the atmosphere of this friendly, easy-going railroad, seldom in a hurry, but proud of its record of always being on time.

Perhaps the most exciting incident on this amiable line occurred many years ago when the daily southbound train hit the steep downgrade in Embudo. What happened then was reported in the *New Mexico Daily Examiner* as follows:

"DENTAL MISHAP FAILS TO DELAY

"Lost time and teeth seem to be of equal importance to the D. & R.G.W.

"The Saturday afternoon train, right on time, was coming down the Embudo Hill on its way to Santa Fe. Engineer Albee, of Alamosa, Colorado, felt an urge to cough, and inadvertently faced the cab window when he did so. As a result, his false teeth sailed out the window.

"Engineer Albee immediately stopped the train, then backed it up the hill to the place where the accident happened. The train crew and some passengers joined the search, and finally F. D. Casan, of Chicago, found the missing dental work.

"Albee wiped off his teeth with his machine rag, replaced them, and raced the train into Santa Fe, arriving promptly on schedule.

"On hearing yesterday of the dental mishap on the D. & R.G.W., State Corporation Commissioner Bob Valdez announced that plans would be made to issue orders to all railroads, asking them to clear brush from the vicinity of the tracks in order that wigs, false teeth, and other detachable objects might be more easily found."

It is not recorded what provision Bob Valdez made to put teeth in the order.

NEWS OF YESTERYEAR

By VIRGINIA CARD

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL
Jacksonville, Oregon
Saturday, Jan. 5, 1856

"Some days ago, Chinaman John, who speaks tolerable English, hired a teamster to haul a load of disinterred celestial bodies to some other place of sepulture. (The Chinese along Sterling Creek have been taking up and collecting together all their dead along the river.) The number of defunct to be loaded was not stipulated, and the teamster found his wagon overloaded so that he could not get up the hill. He demanded more pay of John so that he could hire other oxen in order to pull the heavy load. John insisted on having the teamster and wagon go on without either, refusing to pay anything except on delivery of the ghastly cargo.

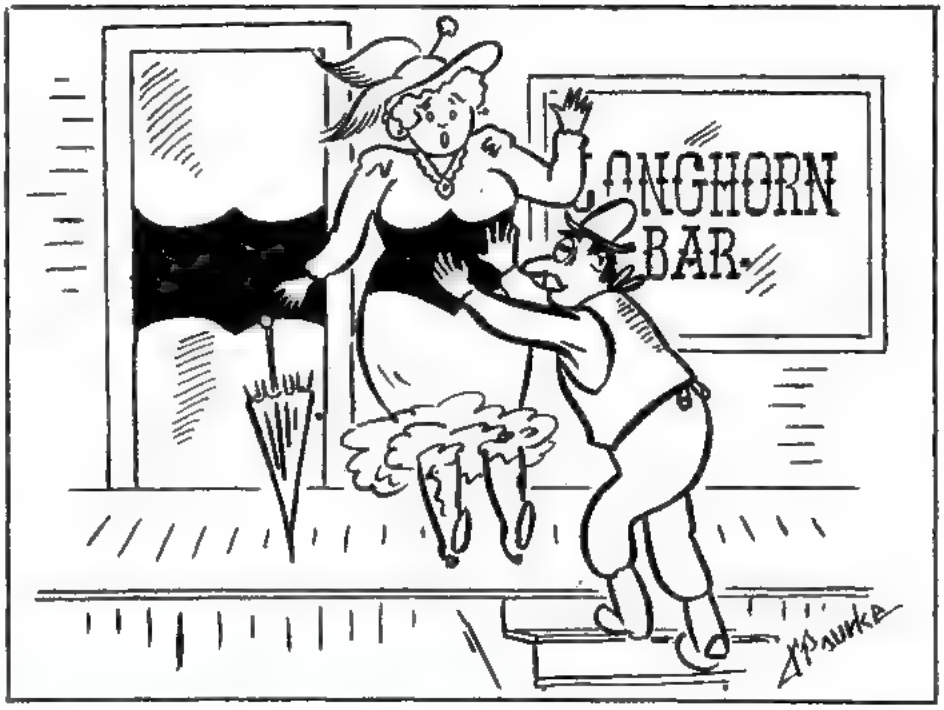
"Becoming very wroth, the teamster swore he would sell the cargo to pay freight, and as a doctor from Jacksonville happened to be passing by, he proceeded to negotiate a sale—"one man, ten dollars"—and the doctor was about to remove his purchase which the teamster had hauled out by a leg. This proceeding caused the supercargo's saffron visage to elongate amazedly and he immediately forked over the extra pay for extra oxen without further parley."

(Same Paper Same Day)

"The population of the city of Austin, Texas, according to a census just taken, is 3,034. There are, among the denizens of the Capital, thirty-four merchants, thirty-five lawyers, fourteen doctors, eighteen teachers, fifty-seven Mexicans, and but one gentleman. There are also thirty-five laborers, 119 mechanics, 638 slaves, two printing offices, seven churches, eight common and two Sunday schools. The census does not report what the balance of the citizenry are doing."

(Classified Ad in same paper)

"A. Fisher & Bros., Merchants, first door east of the "El Dorado" Saloon, has goods cheap. Fremont boots with nailed down bottoms, per dozen pairs, $75.00; Floxons 12c yard for the ladies."



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WHAT'S NEW?

By S. OMAR BARKER

THE following item appeared in *The Las Vegas* (New Mexico) *Gazette* in the year 1880:

"During a recent gale in Albuquerque, which blew boulders as big as pumpkins and ripped water mains out of the streets, an old Chinaman was observed in the eastern part of the village calmly flying a kite. The kite was made of an old iron shutter with a log chain for tail."

By doughBelly PRICE

This Ranching business is shore getting complicated to me. when I was drawing pay for working on A ranch the Boss got up at four O C. and worked till dark and owed no body nothing. Raised his Saddle horses on the ranch. wore high heeled boots and seldom took off his spurs. raised his bulls and they did what come naturally and he got A calf crop. his uniform was levi britches and Jacket took his bath in A number two wash tub or went to the creek and he smelt like A man most of the time.

Now look what has happened. he wears A taylor made Double breasted suit get out of bed at seven o. c. Or later. his horse power is bred in A factory the cattle is fed Antibiotics and Hormones and bred by remote control (ensemination) he never wears spurs that would be crulity to dumb animals.

he shaves and showers every morning and smells like A walking perfume factory. his hair so slick with hair oil that if A fly lights on his head he will fall and break his neck. the home he lives in costs more than A whole ranch should cost. he sips his orange juice for breakfast while he gets the market reports. puts on his shiny boots (that has never had the sweet smell of good cow manure on them) and gets in his cadallic and goes to town to see his Attorney. and owes everybody.

the hired hand gets A bucket of water and combs and brushes and goes to the barn to curl the hair on the pedigreed cattle. cant eat his own beef it has not been U.S. enspected. his operations is directed by some bird in One of them air conditioned offices. that dont know which end of A cow grazes.

sends his kids to college to learn them how to make out Coupons for federal subsidies social security and old age pensions. and chisel the Government out of Income taxes. which every body is doing.

But I shore love it this way. and I am making all the Arrangements I can to stay around as long as I can to see what happens next. But I do hope this thing wont get so far along in Hormones and antibiotics that it will take the Taste out of A good Steak.

The HUMOR of the American COWBOY

By Stan Hoig

Here is the real, everyday humor of the working cowpoke, just as salty as it was when a man could ride a hundred miles and never see a fence. The cowboy had a heck'va sense of humor, and he produced some of America's best native wit. For those who appreciate the "jes' plain bow-legged humans" of the open range, this book will provide many a chuckle.

Illustrated by Nick Eggenhofer, one of America's foremost Western artists. Approximately 200 pages, cloth-bound, printed by Caxton Printers, Ltd.

Copy inscribed by author on request.

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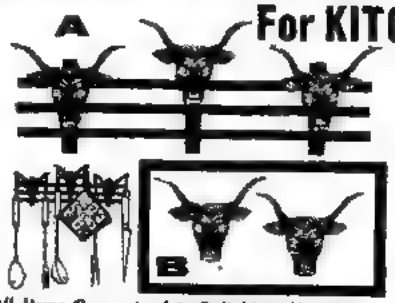

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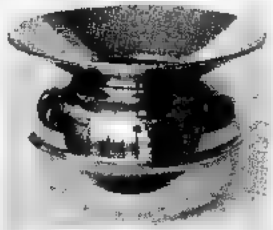

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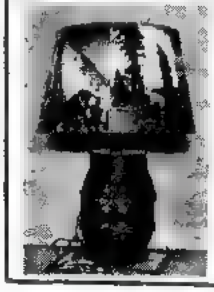

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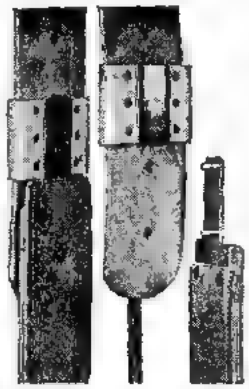

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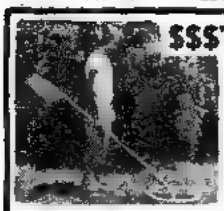

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The Mountain Meadows Massacre

(Continued from page 16)

indeed the government's claim, and we are constrained to allow that that claim, on the part of some of its representatives, was sincere. But it is none the less true that throughout the nation at that time a sentiment prevailed and found expression in the newspapers and upon the lips of many public men to the effect that the real object of the expedition was to take possession of the cities of the Saints, kill their men, confiscate their wives and daughters, delivering them to the soldiers as a spoil, and superseding the Mormons by a Gentile population, forever end the problem of polygamy, and put a quietus upon the spiritual and temporal aims and prospects of this 'kingdom of God on earth.' Such a sentiment, atrocious as it was, found utterance both in Europe and America, and was echoed from the ribald lips of soldiers and camp-followers on their march to Utah."

"War and extermination" became the avowed purpose of the expedition as it moved westward

It was to prevent such as this that Brigham Young opposed the entry of the troops into the Salt Lake Valley. He already knew from experience what armies of anti-Mormons could do. He did not want a repetition of the horrors of Far West and Nauvoo, where many of the Saints had experienced repeated desolation of their homes.

With war seeming imminent and Utah about to be invaded by a hostile Army, church leaders instructed all to defend to the last their homeland. Soon the Utah militia was mustered into action. And Brigham Young resolved that if the Army arrived, he would lay waste the land, have his people set fire to their cities, retreat *en masse* into the mountains or to the southern wilderness, and he added, "Our enemies shall find it as barren as when we came here."

Brigham Young would have kept his word had the expected provocation been given.

MEANTIME, all Saints gathered a supply of straw in their homes to set ablaze if the signal were given.

Brigham Young then moved his press to Fillmore and began publishing in his *Deseret News* reminders of the former persecutions of the Saints in Missouri and Illinois, the murders in Carthage, the brutal actions of the mobs to move the Mormons from their homes, and their suffering in the cold.

Then Captain Stewart Van Vliet, Assistant Quartermaster of the United States Army, in advance of the soldiers, arrived in Utah to ascertain whether forage and fuel could be purchased for the troops.

From the conversation held between Captain Vliet and Brigham Young on September 12 and 13, 1857, it is plainly evident that such a crime as the Mountain Meadows Massacre was not only contrary to Brigham Young's nature, but directly at variance with his policy at that particular time.

Meanwhile, the southern settlements of Utah had had bad luck. There had been drought in some sections with resultant crop failures, floods in others with the only arable land carried away. There had been sickness caused by improper nourishment. And now an army was coming.

With that fact in mind, the church leaders in the southern areas called together their local military groups and began intensive drills. Then they induced the Indians to agree to fight on their side or "The United States will kill us both," they said. Prominent leaders of the church from Salt Lake City were sent to the southern settlements, preached sermons that roused the people to even higher emotional states, and by their words increased the bitter intensity of general feeling already present.

Then into this whirlwind of fear and hate, a perfect setting for trouble, rode the ill-starred, needy Fancher Party of about 140 men, women, and children, chiefly from Arkansas and Missouri, and all headed for California.

ARRIVING in Salt Lake City in August, this group found the Mormons in no friendly mood and at once decided to move on. Elder Charles C. Rich advised them to take the northern route along the Bear River. The Fanchers thought it was too late to take the northern route over the Sierra Mountains They knew about the fatal Donner Party. So they struck out south from Salt Lake City, passing through Provo, Springville, Payson, Fillmore, and intervening settlements, probably the first pioneer company to take the southern trail that season. They attempted everywhere to purchase food, but without success.

Animosity towards all non-Mormons was especially strong in the southern settlements by then. Many of those peo-

ple had felt the wrath of the mob in Missouri or Illinois. Consequently, the Saints not only refused to sell food to the party, but also in many places along the route forted in, forcing the newcomers to make new trails around their camps.

The Fancher Party had been hostile and vindictive during its entire journey through Utah. They bragged that as soon as they could get their own women and children to safety, they would return and wipe out the Mormons. They gave the impression that in their company were hands that had been reddened with the blood of Joseph Smith. They preyed upon the possessions of those in whose settlements they traveled and committed all manner of petty indignities upon person and property. They were even thought to have killed several Indians and left poisoned meat where others might get it.

Most of the trouble, however, seemed to come from the Saints' refusal to sell food to the needy company. The feelings of the Mormons were expressed by the Parowan Stake President Isaac C. Haight in the minutes of a ward meeting held September 6 at Cedar City: ". . . The Gentiles will not leave us alone. They have followed us and hounded us. They come among us asking us to trade with them, and in the name of humanity to feed them. All of these we have done and now they are sending an army to exterminate us. So far as I am concerned, I have been driven from my home for the last time. I am prepared to feed the Gentiles the same bread they fed to us." This surely is a reference to the Fancher Party.

Near Cedar City the Spanish trail to Santa Fe branched off from what was then known as Fremont's route. About thirty miles to the southwest of Cedar City and within fifteen miles of the line of the route are the Mountain Meadows, which form the divide between the waters of the Great Basin and those that flow into the Colorado. At the southern end of the Meadows, which are four to five miles in length and one in width, but here run to a narrow point, is a large stream, the banks of which are about ten feet in height. Close to this stream the Fanchers moved from Cedar City on September 5, 1857, and there in the lonely Mountain Meadows, loud in their abuse of the Mormons, met their first active hostility. In southern Utah settlements had been their last possible source for supplies before crossing the desert wastes. And here in the south indignation was highest.

AT the southern settlements' meeting that followed the arrival of the emigrants, the Saints decided they would deal with the trouble at hand so as to be ready for the Army when it came. Remembering that some of the Fanchers were from Missouri, the Saints recalled the Haun's Mill tragedy and had their motive for revenge. Feelings ran high. All felt that something should be done immediately.

Since John D. Lee was the one who twenty years later was shamefully disgraced and dishonored and then executed for the crime, it is interesting to know that at the time of the meeting, he was not even present. It seems that he, as farmer among the Indians, was the tool for his superiors, Philip Klingensmith, then Bishop of Cedar; Issac G. Haight, commander of the Cedar militia; and the latter's superior military officer, William H. Dame at Parowan.

Lee, though first refusing the part assigned him, finally consented to be in charge at the Meadows, for he, as all Saints, believed in the doctrine of his church not to question the authority of his leaders. Convinced he was to do what had to be done, when he was called from his home at Harmony, he finally helped to make the plans for the execution of the Gentiles.

At a meeting held, a list of charges against the Fanchers was made with word added that they were the proper ones to be attacked. This was carried to Salt Lake City to Brigham Young, asking him to let them know immediately what to do. Brigham Young's frequent cautions against shedding blood are evidence enough that he would not have approved or ordered a massacre.

When an answer was expected, but before the carrier returned from Brigham Young, there was a surprise Indian attack on the party at daybreak on the seventh, while the men were lighting their campfires. More than twenty were killed or wounded and some of the cattle were driven off by the assailants. The survivors ran for their wagons and, pushing them together so as to form a corral, dug out earth deep enough to sink them almost to the top of the wheels. Then in the center of the enclosure they made a rifle pit large enough to contain the entire party.

The emigrants were then in a state of siege with little hope of escape. Down in the ravine was the stream of water, impossible for them to reach except at sundown and then at great risk. Thus trapped in their stronghold without water, the emigrants knew they would be wiped out by the Indians unless they could solicit aid from the Mormons.

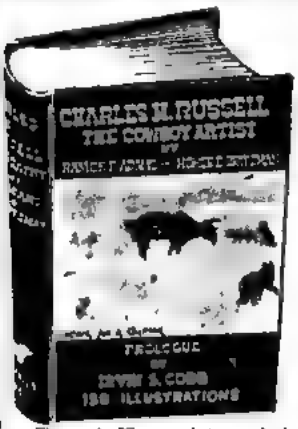
Hoping to get help, they sent out William Aiden and two others to try to reach Cedar City. A white man killed Aiden. Indians killed his companions.

AFTER that, the southern settlements made their cruel decision to do away with all the emigrants who were old enough to talk. At the council meeting the leaders of the area, with the aid of the local militia, made the plan for the execution: John D. Lee was to decoy the emigrants from their camp and each militiaman was to dispatch one emigrant man. The Indians were to take revenge on the women and children.

With the decision made, William Bateman accompanied Lee to the Fancher stronghold and told the two men who came out that the Saints would lead the party to safety if all would agree to the plan made by the Mormons. After their five-day siege, the emigrants were ready to grasp at a straw. Their condition must have been desperate in-

"Gonna climb thish durn fanclash if it takesh all nite!"

CHARLES M. RUSSELL



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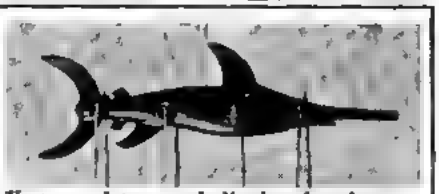

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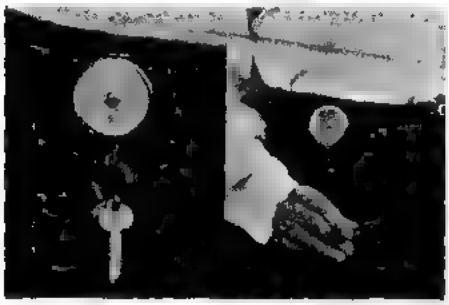

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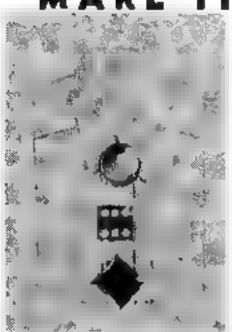

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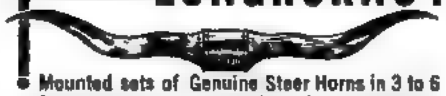

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deed for them to agree to such unreasonable terms as were given them. According to the plan, they were to give up their arms, abandon their wagons and goods, and start on a thirty-five mile walk to Cedar City for protection. The Indians, they were told, would be appeased with the wagons and their loads left behind. The party accepted the terms.

Into one wagon were loaded the children, some guns and clothing. Into another were put one woman and three wounded emigrant men. Lee walked between the two wagons as they left the camp with the Mormon drivers. The remaining men, women, and older children were to follow the wagons, all in single file, and on each side of them the militia were to be drawn up, two deep, and with twenty paces between their lines. Within 200 yards of the camp the men were to be brought to a halt, until the women approached a copse of scrub oak, and near to which the Indians lay in ambush. The men were not to resume their march, the militia forming in single file, each one walking by the side of an emigrant and carrying his musket on the left arm. Major John M. Higbee of the Iron County Militia was in command. The party, having been told they would be taken to safety at Cedar City, moved out.

Suddenly a command rang out: "Halt! Do your duty!"

The militiamen turned quickly upon each man walking at his side and shot him down. A few who had refused to do this dropped to the ground and those emigrants not immediately killed rushed to protect their women and children. Then the 150 enlisted Indians leapt into action from their places of ambush and with knives and hatchets felled their victims.

Bancroft in his history written in 1889 says some of the women fell on their knees and with clasped hands begged for mercy. Their skulls were battered in, their throats cut from ear to ear, and their scalps torn from their heads.

It was Lee's duty along with that of the drivers of the wagons to kill the sick and wounded. When they heard the firing behind them, they halted and did their part. The slaughter lasted but a few minutes. "Evening fell on the scene of blood and carnage."

ONLY three escaped from the valley Of these, two were quickly run down and slaughtered. The third was caught and slain at Muddy Creek, some fifty miles away.

Most of the livestock was driven off by the Indians. The wagons and their loads and even some bloody clothing were taken to Cedar City to be later sold. From Lee's report, which was written many years later in prison, all the leaders of the southern area were involved.

Seventeen children were spared because they were too young to be able to describe the massacre and they were taken to the home of a rancher. These children were later returned to their relatives.

Strewn about were the 120 murdered. The Indians soon stripped all of their clothes and valuables and removed the remaining scalps, so that naked and mutilated bodies lay in horrible disorder. The assailants then took steps to bury the bodies. The ground was hard and dry, but during the next day all were interred where they lay, sometimes three or four in a grave. Whitney says in most cases the graves were shallow, but there is no truth in the story that the rains washed away the soil and left the bones exposed. The bones that were afterwards collected had been dug from their resting place by wolves, and gnawed and scattered by the ferocious beasts.

After the brutal betrayal, all participants said the crime had been committed solely by Indians. All were horrified at what they had done. The militiamen felt they had been lured to the scene to commit murder. Even the leaders began quarreling over the responsibility of the horrible act.

Lee in his confessions avowed that the leaders of the southern settlements played the prominent part in the massacre, which was committed in obedience to military orders, but he said nothing as to the complicity of the higher leaders in Salt Lake City by whom some believed those orders were issued.

Juanita Brooks, who has thoroughly covered the story of this most dreadful occurrence in her book, *The Mountain Meadows Massacre*, states that we can particularly understand it if we realize the massacre was done by those who thought they were at war and who were activated by revenge and hate, as mass killings have been activated throughout the ages in the defense of religion.

Then finally came Brigham Young's late message concerning the party: "The emigrants must be protected if it takes all the men in the southern area." Trouble with the Army coming was enough without adding fuel to the fire. The message was twenty-four hours too late.

JOHN D. LEE was to go to Salt Lake City to make the report. As he had agreed with the other leaders to place the blame on the Indians, that is the report he gave to Brigham Young.

But the truth could not be suppressed. The story of the betrayal and massacre soon reached the rest of the country. Brigham Young and all the Apostles and all the Mormons were blamed equally. So sure was Brigham Young after the massacre that President Buchanan would wreak vengeance supreme upon all Utah and all Mormons that he called home his faithful from San Bernardino, California, and Carson Valley, Nevada, and they gave up all they had to rally to the aid of their leader. As in times

"Been outta town?"

before, non-Mormons had only to wait a few days to take possession without any cost. Brigham Young called home also from the eastern Utah outposts of Fort Bridger and Fort Supply his followers, who burned all their buildings before departing.

But the horrible war Brigham Young expected to follow did not come. It was not until spring that the Army was able to reach Utah and then it marched through a deserted city to Camp Floyd. The Saints had moved south or gone to the mountains.

Congress soon looked upon President Buchanan's act of sending the Army to Utah as a mistake, and the troops were returned to their bases. A new governor sent from Washington was respected by the Mormons. But no one could undo what had been done at Mountain Meadows.

Before a year had passed, the Mormons themselves so resented what their leaders had done that they made formal complaint against them, an action most unusual in the church. This and the dissension among the leaders in the south led to an investigation by Brigham Young in 1859. By then, the principal Mormon leaders had gone into hiding and federal judges were taking an interest.

Seventeen years after the massacre John D. Lee was made the goat. He was suddenly cut off from the church and shunned by his own people with no explanation offered for the action. Soon afterwards on November 7, 1874, he was taken into custody by a Deputy United States Marshal and tried for murder in July, 1875. The jury could not agree. At a second trial in September, 1876, he was convicted of murder and sentenced to be shot at the scene of the massacre, the affair in which he considered himself carrying out the orders of his superiors.

It would seem that Lee was a martyr whose life was sacrificed to justice and given to save the good name of his church. He did what he was ordered to do. Yet, he alone bore the shame, and Mormon history names him alone as the one responsible for the massacre.

Even with all the circumstances considered, naming individual responsibility is difficult. It would seem an act of a mob set into action by a combination of many events.

ON March 13, before his execution, Lee had written: "I feel composed and as calm as a summer morning. I hope to meet my fate with manly courage. I declare my innocence. I have done nothing designedly wrong in that unfortunate and lamentable affair with which I have been implicated. I used my utmost endeavors to save them from their sad fate. I would freely have given worlds, were they at my command, to have averted that evil. Death to me has no terror. It is but a struggle and all is over. I know I have a reward in heaven, and my conscience does not accuse me."

On March 23, 1877, Lee was brought to Mountain Meadows, the scene of the massacre twenty years before, to be shot for his crime. In the twenty years since the massacre the green valley of Mountain Meadows had changed to an arid plain. The luxuriant vegetation that had clothed it twenty years before was gone. The springs were dry. Only here and there a copse of sagebrush or scrub oak served to make the desolation still more desolate.

With Lee was a party of armed men, who alighted from their wagons and approached the site of the massacre. Among them were the United States Marshal, the District Attorney, a military guard, and some private citizens. Over the wheels of one of the wagons, blankets served as a screen for the firing party. Lee took his seat on the rough pine board coffin.

Then the Marshal read the order: "Mr. Lee, if you have anything to say before the order of the court is carried into effect, you can do so now."

RISING from the coffin, Lee with unfaltering voice said: "I have little to say this morning. It seems I have to be made a victim; a victim must be had, and I am the victim. I studied to make Brigham Young's will my pleasure for thirty years. See now what I have come to this day. I have been sacrificed in a cowardly, dastardly manner. I cannot help it; it is my last word and it is so. I ask the Lord my God, if my labors are done, to receive my spirit."

A Methodist clergyman then knelt by Lee's side and offered a brief prayer.

After shaking hands with those around him, Lee removed a part of his clothing. He handed his hat to the Marshal, who bound a handkerchief over Lee's eyes, his hands being free at his own request. Then seating himself with his face to the firing party, hands clasped over his head, he exclaimed, "Let them shoot the balls through my heart. Don't let them mangle my body."

The command was given, "Ready, aim, fire!"

Five soldiers fired, and John D. Lee fell back without a cry. Only the echoes answered throughout the surrounding hills.

SOURCES

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"Mean As Hell"

(Continued from page 21)

his book, *Mean As Hell*—with a certain amount of respect.

"Many of them," he said, "even though I knew all about the crimes they committed, I considered my best friends; and often the mere fact that I had a warrant for their arrest made very little difference in our friendly relations. Because I had a warrant for their arrest, however, I never doubted that many of my best friends would kill me if they got a chance. It was not a personal thing with most of them. It was just that they knew me too well, or they knew me not well enough. It was not that they wanted to kill me out of malice or anything like that; it was just

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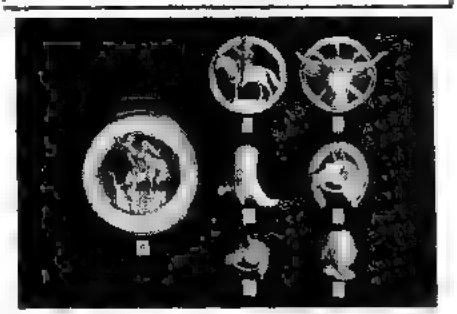

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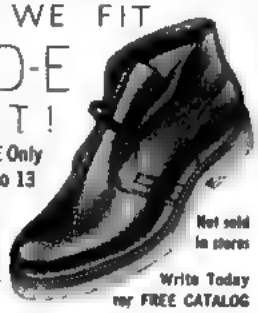

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that they identified me with the laws of the United States Government at a time when they were still trying to live by the laws of the six-shooters. It was the law, not the man whose job it was to bring them to it, that they were fighting."

The more I talked with Dee Harkey, the more I got the idea that perhaps he still preferred the laws of the six-shooters to the laws of scribed justice, so I asked him "Which do you regard with the most respect, the laws of the old West, or the laws of the written documents?"

"I knew that was coming," he smiled good naturedly, and then answered, "Usually, people of strong, friendly bonds are more or less of the same will and opinion. Most of us who are living today were not U. S. Marshals seventy years ago in the New Mexico Territory. The majority at that time who are still living did everything they could to keep the Territory free of laws and regulations. Naturally, they wanted as little interference as possible with their early way of life. As for myself, however, I feel that I am one who did a great deal to establish the laws of the written documents, as you put it, in Southern New Mexico. I just couldn't let myself think now that all the chances I took to bring law and order to Eddy County might have been wasted."

"So you do admit, Mr. Harkey, that you still have a certain amount of respect for the man who dared to enforce his own code of personal relations in the early days of the New Mexico Territory?" I challenged.

Not to be caught in a snare of his own making, Dee smiled wryly for a moment and then said, "I sure gave 'em hell in my book, didn't I? And every word of it was the truth," he added emphatically.

So they were your kind of people; and you do still feel guilty, sort of like a traitor, even though you admit every word you wrote about your enemies was true in every respect. Do you think you still admire them for trying to maintain a way of American frontier life, or do you feel that you are justified in exposing them as the last opposition to civilization and a gentler way of peaceful living?"

He reflected a moment, then answered. "I'm not sure. Old Mrs. George Larimore was ninety-eight years old when she lay dying a few years ago, at which time she sent for me to come to see her just before she died. Perhaps no stronger bond of friendship was there in the old West than that shared by the Larimores and the Harkeys. Both families consisted of both the law and the lawless.

" 'Dee,' she said to me, 'I've lived a long time. I am ninety-eight years old, and now I have to die. I swear to you,' she said, 'I believe laws were better when they were made by each man by the use of his own gun than they are today; and I believe when I was a young girl, people were more law-abidin' than they are today.' "

Dee continued, "Knowing as well as she did Dee Harkey, the young man of the old West, together with Dee Harkey, the United States Deputy Marshal, I have often wondered which one of those two characters she wanted to see when she knew she was dying. Was it the serious, hard-working Dee Harkey who helped bring present-day law and order to Carlsbad? Or was it that young, hellish Dee Harkey of the old West? 'You were always an honest-to-goodness, hell-roarin' Westerner,' she said to me kindly. And I couldn't tell if she actually meant to criticize or to acknowledge my sincerity in trying to do a hard, dangerous job to the best of my ability, for which she felt there was little reward due me."

"Obviously," I suggested, "she meant to compliment you for making her town a better place to live."

"Oh, no," he smiled. "You didn't know Mrs. George Larimore. For her, there was never a better place to live, nor more of it, than in the New Mexico Territory. She wanted law and order, I am sure of that, but she thought its only existence was in the way parents teach their children to maintain it.

" 'Give 'em a gun,' she used to say. 'Teach 'em young how to use it, and the good in the most of 'em will take care of the bad in the few!'

"Then another time, she said to me, 'When the Law starts givin' out guns, the lawless are goin' to come a lot nearer gettin' 'em than the law-abidin'.' "

MEAN AS HELL, written by Dee Harkey at the age of seventy-nine is a book of reminiscence of the days of the hard-dying old West. From the sentiments expressed by these two old people, it would seem that the author must have made his statements neither lightly nor falsely, but with complete personal detachment from the realistic setting of the conflicts of the old and new West. Neither the statements made in the interview, nor those expressed by Mrs. Larimore to Dee Harkey seem intentionally complimentary nor maliciously critical of either the law or the lawless in connection with the activities of Dee Harkey as a peace officer. The book in itself seems to be facts without drama—straight name-calling without the use of diplomacy—honest reality of people chancing death without fear—life without reservations—and freedom without restraint.

As Dee Harkey admitted to me in defiance of some of his most ardent criticism, the laws of the old West were not without merit, the outlaws then were no meaner than they are today, and the author of *Mean As Hell* wrote without motive to personal acclaim. From an unbiased interview, it would seem that the interpretation of the rights and wrongs of those people about whom Dee wrote his book is as simple and sincere as were the methods of fair play by which he executed the duties of the law office he instigated in Eddy County in the dying days of the early West, when a six-shooter for a man's protection was painfully being replaced by a United States Deputy Marshal for the common good and safety of all.

The actual evaluation of his services to Carlsbad and southern New Mexico, you will note, Dee Harkey does not attempt to define. He simply sets up two sides to the question of law and order in the West. Even though in his book it is very clear as to who was on the "Dee Harkey" side and who was on the "Other side," he readily admitted that neither side was all law nor all lawless. When asked, however, which was the right side to be on, he answered with a twinkle of Harkey humor, "Well, that's a fine point for argument among us old men—who are sometimes, still, just meaner than hell!"

I Found a Lost Mine

(Continued from page 33)

They had found a lot of silver bars of various sizes, with some gold bars intermixed, near the tunnel entrance. Those ancient treasure seekers had picked out the gold bars and larger silver bars, leaving the smaller and lighter elongated bars. Why they didn't take only the gold bars sacked in the back of the tunnel remains an insolvable mystery. Perhaps they were scared off or driven off by Apaches. At any rate, they left with a mixed load of gold and silver bars.

Those damned snakes were keeping my partner and me away from those full sacks of gold bars in the deep part of the mine. The last four sacks we had toted out contained almost all gold bars, and there were at least ten more sacks at scattered intervals beyond the snake barrier. We figured that those ten sacks of gold were worth ten times more than the twenty-four sacks we already had, and so we determined to have one more try at wresting them from their snake guardians. But for that we'd have to have better weapons than lighted gasoline and shovels.

Arriving at the main camp, we loaded the four sacks last recovered into the truck and drove to where the other twenty were cached. The truck springs would allow us to load only six more sacks as the weight of even two extra dropped the fenders dangerously close to the tires.

There was no sign of visitors around the main camp, so John and I covered the remainder of the sacks of bars and set out for Tucson. We left the burros hobbled nearby. We gave them a good feed of oats, and left more where they could get to it after much work.

On arrival in Tucson we unloaded the sacks at a previously arranged-for spot. Then, while John went out to buy grub and a dozen more canvas sacks, I looked for and bought a truck that would carry all the remainder of the metal, our camping gear, and the ten sacks still in the tunnel—IF we could recover them.

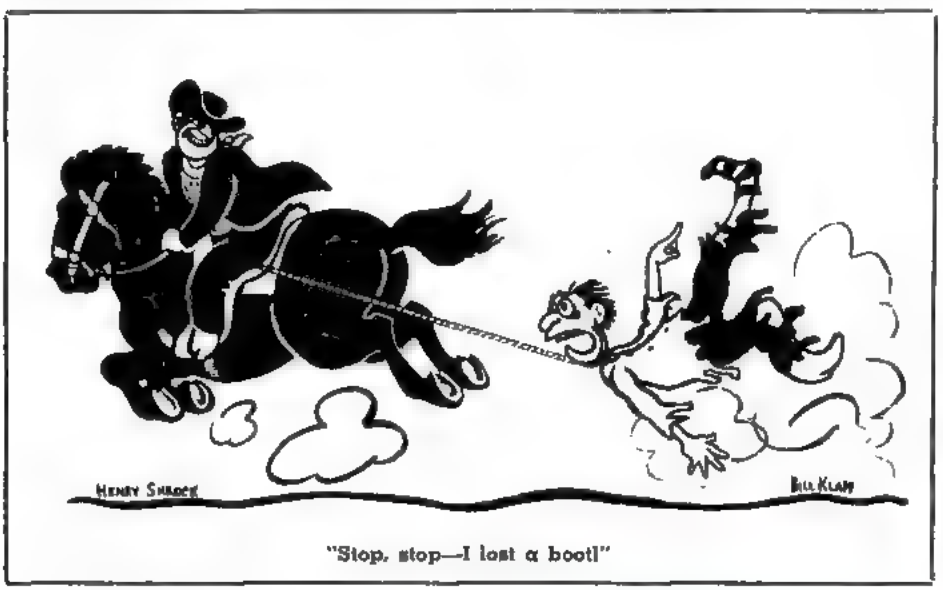
Three days later we were back at our main camp, prepared to battle the rattlers for the last of the treasure. Our big punch this time was a half-case of dynamite, caps and fuses.

The first day after our return from Tucson was spent in hauling more of the loose muck on the floor of the tunnel to the outside, along with most of the piled-up snake carcasses. That night we made about a dozen two-stick dynamite bombs, equipped with two fuses and two caps each to insure explosion. Next day we carried a bundle of newspapers, a gallon of kerosene, a gallon of gas, the two tanks from the stoves and the dozen dynamite bombs with their six-foot fuses into the tunnel as close to the snakes as possible. We split the ends of the fuses to facilitate lighting and laid the bombs out along the side of the tunnel; six at one spot, six at another.

We then spread the gallon of kerosene over the bottom of the tunnel between the bombs and the snakes as close as we dared. On top of this we placed the wadded-up newspapers. Gasoline was then spread over the newspapers and a five-foot fuse laid along the other side of the bombs. Both ends of this fuse had been split and a wad of saturated paper, sprinkled with extra fuse powder, attached to the end. This end was then placed in the gas-soaked paper, and we were ready for action.

JOHN lit the two fuses to each bomb in turn. When he said "Ready!" I tossed the bombs in such a manner as to have a line of explosive shots the length of that part of the tunnel still infested by snakes. As soon as the last bomb was thrown, John lit the fuse to the gas-soaked paper. Working fast, I snatched up the two carbide hand lamps and blew them out. Then I seized one of the stove tanks and opened up the spray nozzle; John did the same with the other. We walked rapidly sidewise, with the sprays leaving a gas-soaked tunnel behind us until we knew we were close to the outside. At that point we turned the sprays off and ran like the devil until we were out in the open and away from the front of the tunnel.

We just made it to safety when the blasts started. We counted twelve shots and started back into the tunnel with the gas tanks ready. Moving in about thirty feet, we started spraying and sprayed for twenty feet or so, both going and coming. Then we threw matches to set the gas on fire and raced for the outside again. We really had a holocaust of fire along the bottom. Smoke and dust obscured our view, except for the flames we could see licking along the bottom.



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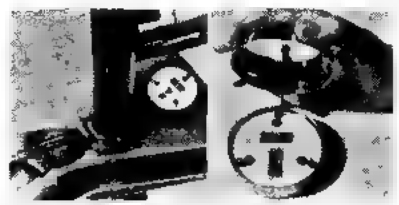

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The inward-blowing breeze gradually turned the smoke and dust and blew it out the other tunnel opening far to the back.

While we waited for the tunnel to clear, we partially refilled the tanks and blew them up again. We also recharged our small cap lamps and relit the two carbide hand lamps. John lit a cigarette and growled, "This is a hell of a way to hunt for treasure, ain't it?"

I agreed. I'd rather face an Apache war party than those massed rattlesnakes any day.

In less than an hour we were back in the tunnel, carrying sacks, lights, shovels and gas tanks. We were too eager, as the smoke and dust had not cleared entirely from the snake area. We retreated again until the visibility was better.

This time we found a lot of dead snakes and burned snakes, but there were still plenty of healthy ones buzzing around four of the remaining sacks.

Putting down all but our shovels, we advanced side by side to the attack. Cutting off the heads of the disabled snakes, we won ground in which to move our lights and other equipment. By slow, careful work we got to the sixth mound; beyond this milled a writhing mass of rattlers. We used the gas tanks on them, tossed lighted matches and built up a protecting wall of fire. Then, while I watched the snakes, John scooped the hard-won mound of metal into two of the sacks. We moved to the next mound, where I scooped the bars into two more sacks. John lugged the first two thirty feet back into the tunnel, away from the fire.

Returning, he watched the snakes and used the remainder of the gas in one tank to build another wall of fire while I carried my two sacks out beyond his. We repeated this procedure on the third and fourth mounds, then had to stop to build another wall of fire and chop off the heads of a number of snakes that had wriggled through.

THE struggle went on in that manner until we had used up all the gas in the tanks. All the sacks were now over halfway out, so, with the shovels, gas tanks, and one sack apiece of bars, we raced for the outside.

Again in the open, we refilled the gas tanks and pumped them up. Re-entering the tunnel, we advanced to the nearest sacks. No snakes in the immediate vicinity, so we grabbed the sacks and carried them outside. The next two were just as easily recovered, but snakes were among the other six, near the burning carbide lamps we had left. Sprayed gas drove the rattlers back, and we were able to move all six sacks and the lights down the tunnel and outside. The Battle of the Snakes was won!

We carried the sacks and all equipment but the remainder of the dynamite, caps and fuses up out of the wash. The explosive we carried up the steep side of the canyon to a spot above the tunnel entrance and wedged it into a crack in the large rock overhanging the opening. I fixed a cap to the end of the fifty foot fuse and lit it.

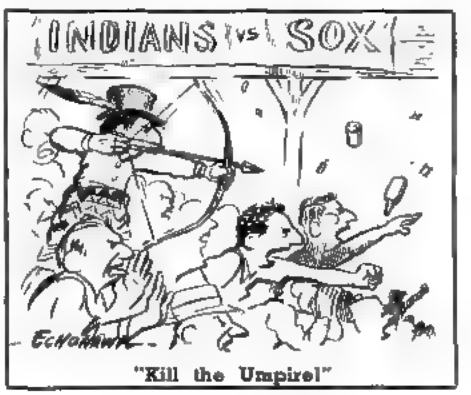
We were well clear when the blast went off. The rock was completely pulverized, and a wave of earth and shattered rock poured down and sealed the tunnel entrance. By that time the wash was running full with a flash flood, washing away all the dirt we had piled out and that had fallen from the blast. That was our last view of the Tumacacori Mine, gray and ghostly in the rain, as we headed back for camp.

Neither of us slept much that night, after all the back-breaking work and excitement of the day. The rain stopped well before morning and we were up preparing breakfast before dawn. As soon as it was light, we started packing our stuff out. We moved the camp gear all the way out to the main base after we had moved the bars to a halfway point. There we found our visiting prospector of some time back, full of curiosity and questions. We talked, yet told him nothing.

Next morning we packed our gear in the truck, told our unwelcome visitor we were changing the location of our camp, and left.

I drove the truck to the location of the cached bars. John took the burros and started after the last of the stuff we had hidden near the mine. I had loaded about half the cached bars on the truck when he returned. We transferred the burro loads to the truck, and John set out for the rest. We had it all loaded and were cooking a meal by two in the afternoon.

Sure enough, our nosey visitor showed up again wanting to see some of our ore. I invited him to eat and showed him some samples I had taken from the roof of the tunnel. He grew excited and asked a lot of questions. My patience had worn thin and I told him what I thought about nosey people. He got the idea and left.



"Kill the Umpire!"

WE left shortly thereafter; John driving the burros toward Nogales and I following in the truck. Halfway to Nogales we turned them loose and headed on for Tucson as fast as our heavily loaded truck could travel.

The total recovery value of the treasure was very disappointing. The silver bars were only a little more than half silver; the gold bars less than a third gold, with some silver and the rest of the content various alloys. We split the profits and John left for his Eastern home. He said he'd had a belly full of treasure hunting. I returned to Phoenix to more work and mining. John has never been back, and as far as I know has kept his mouth shut, as he promised.

However, our nosey friend must have guessed the truth. He found the place and left photographic evidence of the fact. "Left" is the correct word. He was drowned in a flash flood that caught him in the steep-walled canyon where the mine is located.

There are more gold and silver bars at Tumacacori, awaiting the next lucky finder. I am sure that many bars are buried in the caved-in tunnel on the opposite side of the wash. The tunnel was caved in when the first party came to

remove the treasure many years ago. How do I know? Some twenty feet of the caved-in material had been removed, but the caved-in area extends many more feet than that, as John and I discovered. We also found evidence of more caved-down workings not far from the scene of the first. The tunnel from which we removed the bars was the only one open. Our final dynamite blast completely destroyed the rock above the opening—the rock with its carved inscription "Pure Concepcion."

AS this account is strictly factual and not "fact founded on fiction," *True West* readers might be interested in a few brief historical notes to give solid background to the narrative.

When the Spaniards first started casting bars of silver and gold in the New World, they cast the material in the form of a cross. These bars were large and unwieldly, also, their value was too great to use as a medium of exchange. This was a serious drawback, since there was little or no money in the new country. Accordingly, the Spaniards started casting small bars, both round and in the form of a cross. The very small crosses were used as small change and could also be used as prayer crosses on Rosaries.

The larger round bars were used as money, but were still too heavy as they weighed about one pound. Bars were next cast in the smaller elongated round-edge style. These bars are much lighter in weight, as they contain a goodly amount of boron and other impurities. However, since they fitted handily in pockets, bag purses, saddle bags, and burro packs, they are by far the most numerous. Also, the elongated bar was the easiest to make and cast. Many miners continued to cast bars in this fashion until about 1850, and with the Jesuit markings. The bars of the Tumacacori Mines were cast in this small four-inch size and style until 1701, when the style as shown with the name Kino on it was adopted. This bar, like our own commemorative coins, was made to commemorate Father Eusbio Kino and his works, which culminated in that year. In 1701 Kino founded his last mission, Nuestra Senora de Loreta de San Marcelo, at Sonoyta.

Others followed Kino's example and made bars to commemorate special events, such as the bar with Carlos 1767 on it. This is a Franciscan cast bar and heralds the advent of Franciscan ascendancy to the churches of the New World, as well as Carlos the Third of Spain. In 1767 Carlos banished the Jesuit Society from all Spanish dominions. The small cross, the four-inch bars and the round bar were cast in clay or pottery molds. The square bars were cast in iron molds in most cases. A fire assay and chemical analysis will disclose if a bar is genuine Spanish made and cast.

My first treasure find consisted of the small crosses, the round bars, the elongated bars and the square Kino bars. The gold bars were mostly of the round type and had a distinct coppery look. There were no Kino type bars in gold.

The 1767 bar pictured in this article came from a cache of bars that the Papagos had hidden after the Apaches had massacred the bullion train carrying them from California to Mexico in the years prior to the gold rush. There were many four-inch elongated bars in this trove, but few of the Kino bars. Nearly all of the latter had been defaced.

BULLION trains were sometimes ambushed by Apaches along the Devil's Highway, which was the old route to and from California until the Butterfield stage route was opened. After that, Spaniards or Mexicans used it for a number of years to avoid the Americans as well as the Apaches.

Apaches, travelling from Arizona to raid Mexico, crossed the Devil's Highway at several points. They would attack unwary travelers, massacre them, cut the packs from the backs of the mules and leave them where they fell. All mules killed during the fight were eaten on the spot; the others, driven off and eaten later. Apaches dearly loved mule meat and the capture of any number of them was the occasion for a great celebration.

Contrary to popular belief, Apaches would not bury treasure or hide bullion; nor would they bury or hide mines. The treasure would lie where it had fallen until another Spanish party came along and found it. If the treasure was found by the Papagos, Pimas, Maricopas, Yumas, Yaquis or Opatas, it would be hauled away and hid or buried.

One such cache that we found and dug up consisted of many hundreds of the four-inch bars buried in water jars, or ollas. I estimated that the party losing it had been composed of about fifty loaded mules and as many men or more. Human bones may still be found in that area over several square miles, the largest concentration being in the mouth of a blind canyon some distance north of the old Devil's Highway. This indicates that the Spaniards had run from the Apaches, but had chosen a fatal route. They were heading toward a large Papago village, but ran into a death trap.

This particular Papago village is one of the oldest continuously inhabited places in Arizona. It was there before Kino came. These are the Indians who buried or hid the treasure left by the marauding Apaches. Many of the older Papagos could tell you where there is buried bullion, and show you the exact spot, but they will not talk for any kind of bribe. They believe a horrible death will overtake the one who talks.

The treasure we found was buried in the upper part of the blind canyon, only a small part of all the treasure buried in that area if you call 800 bars a small portion. My Papago partner, a young man, knew of—and had heard of—lots of bullion buried on the old treasure route. We spent many days in the area of the first find searching with an M-scope, but we found no more bullion. I am sure that more of the stuff is there, even though we did not find it. Papago history sticks do not lie. The Old Ones were careful to set the events down, but did not always include directions for finding the treasure.

My Papago partner is dead now; prosperity was too much for him. He mixed liquor and gasoline, and pretty soon they picked him out of his wrecked truck, dead. Up until then I was sure that some of the older men who knew where the other stuff was located would lead me to it, but after my partner's fatal accident they clammed up.

ALL the treasure we recovered was buried in ollas, which was a standard procedure of the Papagos when

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ambitious. If tired, they would simply dig a hole and dump the bars in, cover them over with dirt, carry away the excess dirt and remove all traces of their work. There are many such pits in the area and each probably contains five hundred or more bars. Some bars will contain only silver and some will contain only gold; some will contain both. The Papagos would not put both gold and silver in the same hole unless they became tired or ran out of ambition. The Papagos ran out of ambition in a hurry when in the presence of death, and very much so if dark was about to overtake them. They would not come back to the spot for many moons, if ever.

There are still many spots on the Devil's Highway where bullion was hidden by Indians after massacre of the trains by the Apaches. This old trail follows the Arizona-Mexico boundary from Yuma to just past the Arizona-New Mexico line. This highway was the route of thousands of gold seekers, passing over it on their way to the California gold fields. I have counted over four hundred graves along this route and have seen countless human bones. All these men were not killed by Apaches; some were lucky and died of thirst.

In conclusion, accept a few words of advice from an old-timer: Don't go looking for lost mines or hidden treasures expecting to get rich. Example: The profits from eight hundred bars we found at the massacre site amounted to about $1,800. Profits from the Tumacacori bars totaled less than $8,000.

The treasure under the church at Tayopa would amount to a considerable sum, yet would be nothing compared to the fabled tales of its riches. These tales become more fantastic with time and the telling; yet there are people always willing to gamble time and money on them. Colonel Greene offered to put up expense money, and to pay a half million dollars for the eighty-odd diggings in the surrounding hills. The real wealth of Tayopa is still in the ground and must be worked out. The veins of the Tumacacori mine are small and not at all rich; there is no profit to be made in working them.

There is still much lost and buried treasure in the hills of Arizona, New Mexico, California and Old Mexico. The one who finds it will do so only after the expenditure of much time, money and effort. My advice is to search only if you can afford failure. If your bankroll allows you to search for buried treasure and lost mines as diversion, you will have the most fascinating hobby in the world. In the last analysis, it is the rich, golden memories of the most exciting adventure left to modern man that count the most.

What Is the West?

(Continued from page 35)

flourished for a resplendent period, and then sank into ghost towns whose only useful function is to attract tourists—mostly Eastern tourists.

We, the people who came here, tried to conquer the West by imposing on it your Eastern methods, standards and institutions. It wouldn't work. We found that we couldn't *whip* the West, we had to throw in with it and do things Western fashion. We adapted ourselves to conditions as we found them. We brought cattle in to feed on the rich grasses, but we handled them on horseback. We set up a cattle kingdom quite different from anything ever known in the East. We brought in sheep—and sheepmen and cowmen fought for the ranges until law and common sense won out, and belatedly and shamefacedly, we realized that there was land for all.

We had to find a new type of fencing, since wood for rails was scarce. For that, an invention by an Easterner called barbed wire, served us well. Then, as now, water was our greatest problem. We went underground for it with drills; went skyward for it with prayers and dynamite. We have seeded the clouds with chemicals; dammed the rivers and hung a million snakes belly up on barbed wire fences to increase the water supply. Meanwhile, the springs have gone dry and the artificial lakes will inevitably fill up with sand.

YOU inquire about the symbol of the West that you know through movies and television shows; the drawling, bowlegged, tobacco-chewing cowpoke who seems to be invariably called Tex.

Well, Tex is a rather odd adaptation. His fancy saddle and ornate bridle and bit come from the early Spanish influence, his horse from the Spanish breeds and from the Indian cayuses. At first, Tex may even have been a greenhorn, an Easterner, but he quickly hardened up to the rugged life of the Plains.

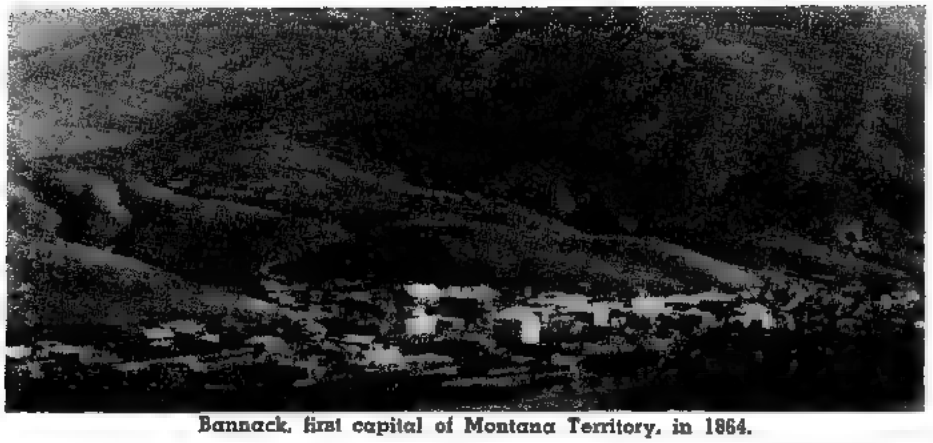
"Doc, I think I need those glasses after all."

Trail driving, range feuds, roundups and branding occupied his time. (Sometimes Tex got out of line and did a little fancywork with a running-iron on his own. Sometimes, if he got too greedy, he might even wind up decorating one end of a rope attached to a tree limb overhead.)

Tex was never fully dressed without his six-shooter; protection against snakes, ornery white men and hostile Indians. In a lawless land he made his own law—the irrevocable law of Judge Colt. Believe it or not, we still have cowboys, and not all of them are of the drugstore variety. In some parts of the West, notably on the great Texas ranches, the cowboy still rides the range and herds cattle in the old-time manner.

The West is a different land, and whatever comes here from the East—either people or institutions—must adapt and adjust to become truly Western. You'll either love the West or hate it, for there is no room in this spacious land of violent contrasts for lukewarm emotions. This fact is never better illustrated than in Western friendships, or even in business relationships. A Westerner will make up his own mind as to whether a stranger will "do to ride the river with" or that he's a sneaky varmint that will bear close watching. But shoot straight with him from the start and you'll fit in like a six-gun fits the holster.

Y'all come!



Bannack, first capital of Montana Territory, in 1864.

The End of Old Man Bender?

(Continued from page 24)

his two friends spent the night at a ranch a couple of miles out of Dillon. The next morning proved his surmises a hundred per cent. The grey mare and her rider had left town about an hour before.

The capture was made several miles east of Dillon at a place known as The Point of Rocks. Richardson and Price galloped past the old man while Snook came up from the rear. They turned and covered him with their pistols while Snook gave his orders, backed by a rifle. There was no resistance. They disarmed him, tied his feet together under the grey mare and returned via Dillon to Bannack.

The captive agreed to return without extradition but after a day on the road and a night in the Bannack jail, changed his mind. Snook left his two friends to guard the prisoner and returned to Dillon where he wired the Territorial Governor in Helena for authority to remove the old man from the Territory of Montana. Two days later the papers, duly signed and sealed, arrived and Snook returned to Bannack.

The old man was becoming definitely uncooperative. He claimed that he was too sick to ride a horse. Snook secured a team and buggy and resigned himself to returning by the much longer freight road. The prisoner made other objections and refused to get in the buggy. Snook, who was certain that he was only trying to set the stage for a possible escape, put him on his horse again, tied his feet, and started for Salmon. It was the third of July. Bannack, with a long reputation for impulsive justice, was getting liquored up for a celebration. Price and Richardson had told the story of the murder on the Challis trail. Snook had a suspicion that if he wanted to deliver his prisoner in Salmon with his neck intact it was imperative to get started without delay.

The return trip of approximately ninety miles was made in two days, backtracking themselves on the Lewis and Clark trail. The only event that broke the monotony occurred at Geertson Creek, eight miles out of Salmon. It was long after dark. The grey mare stumbled over a sagebrush under which a grouse had bedded down for the night. The large bird came up in the horse's face like an explosion. Tired as the mare must have been, it was just too much for her to take. She started to buck. The three lawmen had a fast minute or two trying to keep the old man, with his feet tied, upright and at the same time pacify the outraged mare.

Salmon wound up its Fourth of July with a dance. It was well after midnight when Snook, his two friends and the prisoner, arrived. Their advent broke up the social event instantly. There was no lynching talk, possibly because the murdered man had been a stranger and because no one in his right mind would consider the possibility of taking a prisoner away from Snook.

No one had got around to build a jail in Salmon when these events took place. The back end of a frame store building on the corner of St. Charles and Main, the present site of "The Smokehouse," served as a sheriff's office. A basement had been excavated under this annex and a heavy iron bar dropped through the office floor and driven deeply into the underlying gumbo and river wash. A couple of iron rings, with six or eight feet of log chain attached, were loosely welded around the bar. Prisoners were shackled to the chains.

THE idea that the old man might be John Bender in person was a natural and one that an officer of Snook's caliber could not have missed. It came to him and his two special deputies shortly after the capture, more or less simultaneously. They did not mention it in Bannack. As soon as they had him securely shackled to the bar in the hole under the office they checked up on the reward notices. Bender's physical description exactly fitted their prisoner. They already knew about his German accent and predilection to cold-blooded murder. Not one of the three, Snook, Price or Richardson, ever doubted in all the remaining years of their lives that the man they captured at The Point of Rocks, near Dillon, Montana, was Kansas' Old Man Bender.

Snook immediately notified the authorities in Kansas and asked for a murder warrant. There were many complications. The suspect was also charged with murder in Idaho. It was an open and shut case, in those days anyway. It was mixed up with horse stealing also, a capital crime in the minds of the people, if not in the eyes of the law. A term of Court in Salmon, was set for two weeks later. Snook would have to get the old man's trial continued to the next term and secure permission to surrender him to the State of Kansas, if the identification was established. All this took time in that long past day. Mails were slow and telegraph offices few and far between.

Sheriff Dave Stahl came down the mountain trail from Leesburg for the term of court. He took over the office in the room back of the store while Snook, with a saddle horse, rode around the county distributing jury summonses. Stahl bought the prisoner's meals at a nearby Chinese restaurant and carried them to him. He would visit the old man while he ate and then return the empty dishes.

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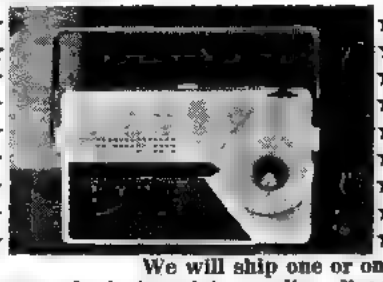

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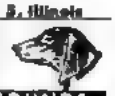

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The prisoner remarked while eating his breakfast, "I didn't kill that man I never saw him in my life. You can't convict me."

Stahl replied: "We aren't even going to try. We know you are Old Man Bender and we are going to take you back to Kansas." For the rest of the day the prisoner refused to talk.

Snook returned during the night with the jury venire he had served. The next morning he took the prisoner's breakfast to him. He could have saved himself the trouble. "Bender" was dead. He had found a knife some former prisoner had fashioned out of a heavy barrel hoop and buried against a day of need. He had honed it on the central bar and with it, amputated enough of his foot to get it out of the shackle. He bled to death doing it.

There was no dry ice in those days and no refrigeration. There was enough whiskey in town to have saved the body but no one appears to have thought of pickling a corpse in a substance so much in demand by the living. Snook decided to try to petrify it. He placed it in a box, dug a hole in a marshy spot where the water was known to have calcifying effects, and weighted the box down with rocks in the water-filled hole. He hired a local resident, who answered to the name of Billy Bryant, to guard the treasure, which, if it could be proven genuine, was still worth important money.

A week later a well-liked young man was killed by a wild horse he was breaking to the saddle. Everyone turned out for the funeral. Snook was one of the pall bearers. After the services the masculine end of the crowd drifted into the half-dozen saloons along Main Street. An argument was started about two race horses in town, one of which was owned by Snook. A race was talked up. Snook bet the lot now occupied by the Steele Memorial Hospital against one hundred dollars that his horse would cross the finish line first.

The race was run on Main Street. Snook hired a jockey and he lost the race. Snook believed the jockey was paid fifty dollars to throw the race. All this uproar and excitement was too much for guard Billy Bryant to withstand. He left his post of duty and came to town. During his absence two brothers resurrected the remains and took them to Seventeen Mile Ranch, which they owned.

One of the brothers had a medical education and believed Bender could be identified from his skeleton and skeletons were right up his alley. The body was placed in a large vat used to heat water for scalding hogs and covered with Lemhi River water. A huge fire was built under the vat, the idea being to cook the flesh from the bones. Only one fire was built. The stench was overpowering.

Ranch headquarters was a two-room log building with a dirt roof. The brothers moved the half-cooked body up on the dirt roof of the house where they could guard it and where, they hoped, the magpies would pick the flesh from it. The magpies overdid the job. They absconded with the neck vertebra and ruined everything.

The skull rolled off the roof eventually and was found in the weeds several years later by Hy Hall, Cy Wyant and Matt Davis, who had camped near the old cabin with a freighting outfit. They mounted it on the center pole of the lead wagon and brought it back to Salmon. The caravan stopped in front of Hewett's blacksmith shop. The three freighters traded the skull to Snook for a round of drinks. He had turned in his star and was now getting a cattle ranch started and freighting when he could spare time for a trip. The Bender skull made many a round trip with him to Redrock, Montana, and back to Salmon, mounted on his lead wagon.

Eventually, Snook's expanding ranch and stock interests forced him off the road. His teams and empty wagons were lined up in front of the McNutt Building after his last trip. Jack Black, who operated the Buckhorn Saloon, came across the street.

"John," said he, "I'll give you a quart of whiskey for that old skull."

Snook replied: "I haven't much use for either one. If you want Old Man Bender, take him."

The skull rested in the central place of honor in Black's macabre collection of curios for some time. After Black's death, Johnny Britt took the place over until Prohibition came in and closed it. The Buckhorn still had the Bender skull upon repeal of the Prohibition Law. There were several changes in management and eventually the building was changed into a cold storage plant for a nearby restaurant. Somewhere along the trail of the years the old skull disappeared.

So ends the story of "The End of Old Man Bender."

WELL, what do you think of it? There is some circumstantial evidence to support the theory cited. The cold-blooded murder of the never-identified young man at Birch Creek was very much in character for Bender, if that is who the stranger was. The prisoner's desperate and fatal attempt to escape when he was told that he had been identified was peculiar to say the least, if not indeed significant. The best evidence is the fact that Snook always believed it was old John Bender. Snook was on the ground; he had all the facts. His lifetime reputation was for sound thinking and few errors. Certainly the carefully considered judgment of a man like John Snook deserves the utmost respect.

MORE ON BENDERS

Editor's Note:

The following letter, from Mrs. C. F. Baston, of Morehead, Kansas, presents an interesting sidelight on the mysterious Bender family. Mrs. Baston refers to an earlier article on the Benders published in the Spring, 1954, issue of True West, **titled "Cabin of Death."**

"Dear Sirs:

"I was greatly interested in your article about the Bender murder farm as the Benders were our next-door neighbors. We still live across the road from where their house stood. The buildings are all gone now, but there is still a line of weeds every year across the meadow showing where the ground is hardest from formerly being a road. The exact site of the house is now a wheat field.

"The Benders watered their cattle and stolen horses at our creek every day, and we considered them queer only due to the fact that Kate was a fortune teller.

"Here's something that may interest you, although it is contrary to your ending of the story.

"Some twenty years after the Bender scandal broke, a man came to our place

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with several photos of his wife, which he also took around to all the other neighbors. He wanted to know if his wife was Kate Bender. We couldn't identify the photos for sure after twenty years, so nothing more was heard of the matter.

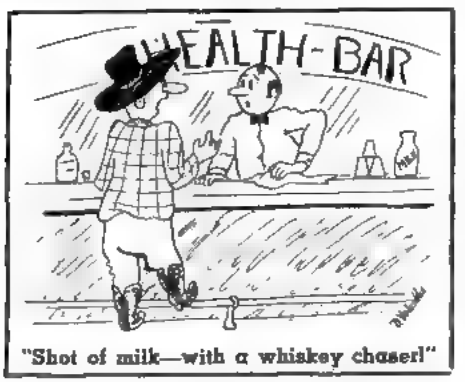
"His story was that he was a deputy sheriff from somewhere in west Texas and had become interested in a rumor that the Benders had reached west Texas in their escape.

"One night after he had come home with some evidence, his wife stuck a six-shooter in his face and made him promise to stop investigating the Bender case.

"He put two and two together, remembering the evidence he had uncovered and the things his wife had said about Kansas during the years, her general appearance and the fact that she was a fortune teller. From the whole, he came to the startling conclusion that his wife was the former Kate Bender.

"Next day he quit his job, grabbed his duds and photos of his wife and hopped a train for Kansas.

"This is all we ever knew about the matter as he told it, and we did not hear any more about it."



"Shot of milk—with a whiskey chaser!"

Murder on the Trail

(Continued from page 51)

the group to go in pursuit—his companions, meanwhile, continuing to camp.

Learning of the incident, Jacob Hamblin was greatly disturbed and immediately dispatched two men to see to the boy's safety.

THEY found him lying beside the trail, about a mile from camp. With three bullet wounds riddling the lower part of the boy's body and four arrow wounds piercing his back, the sand beneath him already was saturated with blood, but the boy was still breathing.

When the enraged Jacob demanded an explanation of the treachery, the warriors declared that three Navajo men had been slain by whites in the recent past, and that three white men must die as retribution. Not until two others had been surrendered as blood forfeit, they said, would the white party be permitted to leave. Indignantly refusing this demand, Hamblin instructed his men to proceed with preparations for departure. The Navajo braves, meanwhile, continued to mill fiercely about the white men's camp.

Protesting that his presence would only delay the others in their attempt to escape, young George begged to be left behind; but although he realized that the lad was in great pain, and that there was no hope for his survival, Hamblin refused to abandon him to indignities and possible torture at the hands of the savages. Instead, the wounded boy was lifted to the back of a mule, and, with Jehiel McConnell riding behind to hold him in the saddle, the harried group set forth.

In order to lighten their loads, the Hamblin party had abandoned at the water hole many articles of equipment and food; and with the Chinle warriors remaining behind to loot the camp, the fleeing saints were able to gain a slight lead. Too soon, however, a growing dust cloud on the southern skyline warned that the Navajos again were on the trail and riding hard, and a desperate flight for life was begun. Trail-weary and weakened by hunger and thirst during the several days immediately preceding, the mounts of the Mormons were no match for the fresh horses and lithe, young riders comprising the pursuit, and the dust cloud to the rear grew steadily in stature as distance narrowed.

When it became evident that there was no possible chance of outrunning their attackers, the Hamblin party whirled with readied guns. Confronted by this sudden turn of events, the plunging horses of the warriors veered down a side ravine, and the Mormons resumed flight, pushing their jaded animals to the limit of endurance.

With the saddle and mule beneath him drenched red with his blood, young George Smith clung tenaciously all that day to his slender thread of life. Not until shortly after sundown, as the beleaguered missionaries reached the present site of Tonalea, did death release the boy from his agony.

With the enemy riding hard on their trail and only minutes behind, Hamblin and his men knew too well that the time it would take for them to dig a grave might mean the loss of their entire party. In this knowledge, they sorrowfully wrapped the dead youth in a blanket and left him unburied beside the way.

After pushing on until late that night, the Mormon party was halted by exhaustion. Far to the south, the flickering light of a huge campfire told that their pursuers had discovered the boy's body and were holding a war dance over his scalp; and like an icy hand passing through the camp, came recollections of stories that the Navajos ate the flesh of slain enemies . . .

TRAVELING with heavy hearts, the little party of missionary-explorers completed the long journey to southwestern Utah. There it became Jacob Hamblin's painful duty to tell a devoted father that his son, entrusted to another's care, would not come back.

Upon learning of the tragedy, Brigham Young directed Hamblin to raise a strong party of twenty men to go immediately into the Indian country and recover, if possible, the body of the murdered boy. It was now midwinter. Ice was running deep in the Colorado and walls of the gorge were frozen and slick. Despite these difficulties, the trip was made without loss of man or mount; but little success attended their efforts.

All that remained of the boy's body was the head and a few of the larger bones, which were carried back to the City of the Saints for burial.

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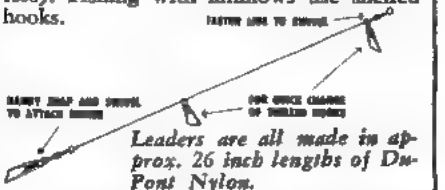

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

WESTERNERS ALL!

The Great West (Coward-McCann, $12.50) was compiled and edited by the well-known anthologist, Charles Neider. This big book (250,000 words and over 100 illustrations and maps) in a handsome format should be in the library of every Western Americana buff—it's that good. The editor has divided the book into three sections: Pathfinders, Heroes and Villains and Observers and has let the men who were there speak for themselves.

The Pathfinders include Coronado, Lewis and Clark, Pike, Jed Smith and Fremont. Their stories have long since become classics and the selections included in this book are all good.

Among the Heroes and Villains are Davy Crockett, the James Boys, Wild Bill, Billy the Kid, Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Buffalo Bill and Custer—a diverse and motley crew. This reviewer believes the section title is a misnomer but does not deny that the accounts of the doings of these characters is highly entertaining.

The Observers include Washington Irving, Francis Parkman, Horace Greeley and other visitors from the East who produced highly literate accounts of the various phases of Western life. This section also includes accounts by such Westerners—by birth or choice—as Mark Twain, Jesse Applegate, Emerson Hough, John Sutter and J. Ross Browne. It is the best balanced of the three sections.

Among the illustrations are a dozen by Frederic Remington, nine by Catlin, six by Miller and two by Shreyvogel. Bodmer, Farny, and Bierstadt are also represented. The endsheets map, "The American West about 1850," is excellent.

Light 'n Hitch (American Guild Press, $4.95) is a selection from the radio scripts of Laura V. Hamner of Amarillo, Texas. Miss Laura's program on Station KGNC started sixteen years ago and is still a prime Sunday favorite in the Panhandle country. Miss Laura, one of the best known and best loved of the Plains historians, traveled thousands of miles and interviewed hundreds of people in collecting the material for her radio show the best of which appears in this book in carefully arranged chapters. Pioneer ranchers, settlers and town builders share top billing with Ed Wallace (preacher), Emanuel Tubbs (County Judge) and Quanah Parker (Comanche Chief). This is a good book and the illustrations by Panhandle rancher Dord Fitz add to the pleasure of reading it.

There is also a limited signed edition of 1,000 copies in heavy buckram, boxed, available at $8.95.

COWBOYS AT PLAY

Stan Hoig's *The Humor of the American Cowboy* (Caxton, $5) is a compilation of bits of humor from a large number of cowboy and cattle books. However, this is not a joke book since the author has done a very commendable job of choosing and adapting the material to be included and in arranging it into quite readable chapters. The chapters include "The Windy West," "Law Without Order," "Pilgrims" and "Parlor Sittin'" and cover nearly every type of range life humor from the subtle to slapstick.

Since it is impossible to list the books from which Hoig selected his quotes, it seems wise to mention some of the story tellers—Charlie Russell, Montana's famed cowboy artist, and his close friend, Con Price; J. Frank Dobie (Mr. Southwest), our greatest living campfire conversationalist; Ramon Adams, bibliographer and cowboy lingo collector; Edward Everett Hale and Philip Ashton Rollins, cowboy historians; J. Evetts Haley, biographer and range life expert; and Bill Raine, Frank King, Jack Thorp, J. Marvin Hunter and others in the know.

With such source material it would be hard to miss and Hoig didn't—this is an entertaining book, enhanced with some excellent drawings by Nick Eggenhofer.

Cowpokes (privately printed by the author, Kerrville, Texas, $1) is a book of cow country cartoons by Ace Reid. There is a short introduction by S. Omar Barker who says the cartoons are "funny, not phony." We agree and so do a lot of other folks since *Cowpokes* is in its third 1958 printing—worth the money.

COWBOYS AT WAR

Clifford P. Westermeier's *Who Rush to Glory* (Caxton, $6) is the story of the cowboys who went to war sixty years ago. The cowboy volunteers in the Spanish American War of 1898 were Col. Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders (First Vol. Cavalry Regiment); Col. Jay L. Torrey's Rocky Mountain Riders (Second Vol. Cavalry Regiment) and Col. Melvin Gribsby's Cowboys (Third Vol. Cavalry Regiment). To be sure not all the recruits were cowboys (a few gamblers, for example, slipped in) but they so dominated the numbers that the 1st, 2nd and 3rd were dubbed "the cowboy regiments." 1898 was in the age of personal journalism and the three cowboy regiments, with their many colorful discipline-resisting recruits, enjoyed an excellent press. This story of the nine months that it took to wind up the Cuban part of "The Splendid Little War" was compiled primarily from contemporary newspaper accounts and official records—a good job.

OUTLAWS AND GUNMEN

Hands Up; or, Twenty Years of Detective Life in the Mountains and on the Plains (University of Oklahoma Press, $2) is the first reprint in well over half a century of General D. J. Cook's reminiscences. It is Volume II in The Western Frontier Library and its appearance is quite timely since the first edition (Denver, 1882) is very rare and the second edition (Denver, 1897) is not much easier to find. There is an informative introduction by Everett L. DeGolyer, Jr., the son of the late great collector who inspired the series and introduced the first volume in it. Dimsdale's *The Vigilantes of Montana* (Norman,

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1953). Dave Cook was sheriff of Arapahoe County, Chief of Police of Denver, and the organizer of the Rocky Mountain Detective Ass'n.—an unofficial and semi-secret group of sheriffs, police chiefs and peace officers who aided each other in enforcing the law. Entertaining—and despite the florid style of the General's ghost writer, primarily accurate—and a bargain!

TEXAS TIDBITS

Merchant to the Republic (Naylor, $5) by Dora Dieterich Bonham is an excellent source book for those interested in the history of Austin, the Texas Revolution, and early Texas happenings. The author developed her book around the experiences of her great-grandfather, Francis Dieterich, a frontier Texas merchant who helped supply the needs, including many tons of beef, of the army of the Republic of Texas. This well documented book contains a complete bibliography, sixty pages of rare photographs and much material pertaining to land grants and other interesting features of pioneer life.

100 Years in Montague County, Texas (IPTA Printers, Saint Jo, Texas, $1) was edited by Jeff S. Henderson. It is full of early day history and illustrated with many old photographs. There is a double page map showing the various trails that crossed the county in pioneer days—Texan Santa Fe, Butterfield Overland Mail, California, and both the Chisholm cattle trail and the U. S. mail route. Early ranching ventures, Indian fights, outlaws and the Justin family and their famous cowboy books receive feature billing. A better than average centennial celebration publication of 108 pages in pictorial wraps.

Sam Houston (Naylor, $2) by Walter F. McCaleb is a lively, colorfully illustrated story about the Father of Texas that should appeal to children who like vivid action stories about the American frontier.

When a boy, Sam ran away to live with Indians and at maturity married a squaw. Later he became a Tennessee congressman and governor. After that he led Texas patriots to victory at San Jacinto and was elected president of the Republic of Texas and finally became a U. S. Senator from Texas.

Sam Houston's adventures are certain to appeal to the imaginations of youngsters.

THE KING HIGHWAY

New Mexico's Royal Road (University of Oklahoma Press, $4) by Max L. Moorhead is an extraordinary history of trade and travel on the Camino Real, the King's Highway, stretching 1,600 miles from Santa Fe south to Chihuahua and the midlands of Mexico.

The Camino Real served as a lifeline between the New Mexican pueblos and the home base settlements in Mother Mexico. Food and goods of trade moved both ways via pack trains and ox-drawn Mexican carretas.

But commerce really flourished after the Santa Fe Trail connected with the Camino Real at Santa Fe. There was a lively exchange of U. S. dry goods and hardware for Mexican silver and mules.

A very readable and well-documented book, it is replete with intriguing details such as the hardships encountered on the waterless ninety-mile trail east of Elephant Butte Dam known as the *Jornado del Muerto* plundering of caravans by outlaws, usuary and connivance

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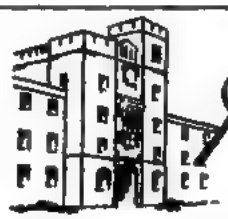
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(Continued from page 17)

tered Alcatraz Prison steadfastly refusing to divulge any information as to what had become of his portion of the ransom money.

In November, 1934, agents of the F.B.I. arrested in Oregon and California Clara Feldman Bates, wife of Albert Bates, her son, Eddie Feldman; her sister, Margaret Hurtienne; and her brother-in-law, Alvin H. Scott.

Fifteen hundred dollars of the Urschel money was found on Scott when he was picked up after a disastrous automobile wreck near Medford, Oregon. Eddie Feldman soon thereafter led the G-men to the buried money, amounting to about $8,500. The bulk of the Bates money was still out.

On December 1, 1934, in response to a request from the F.B.I., Urschel and I flew from San Antonio, Texas, to Portland, Oregon, to appear as witnesses against the four persons in an effort to remove them to Oklahoma City for trial.

Arriving in Portland Tuesday afternoon, December 4, we went immediately into conference with the F.B.I. and Clara Bates. At midnight, after a long grilling, Clara wearily agreed to show us where the remainder of the money was buried.

Four F.B.I. men were at the time encamped in the rugged canyon to which she led us. They were posing as mining engineers and had already recovered the money buried there by Eddie Feldman.

URSCHEL, Harold Nathan, Chief Assistant to J. Edgar Hoover, Agent Spears of the Portland office, and the writer accompanied Clara Bates at daylight down the long, tortuous trail into a canyon thirty-six miles northwest of Portland. As we approached a lonely cabin on the banks of a little stream at the foot of a cliff, the woman turned to the right into a still dimmer trail and pointed to an immense log which stretched through a tangled underbrush.

"It's buried there beside that log," she said.

"What is it buried in?" she was asked.

"A thermos jug."

The men began digging.

"How much money is in the jug?" I asked Clara.

"I don't know," Clara said.

"Well," I responded, "you know whether there's $5,000 or $50,000."

"No, I don't. I never counted any of the money since I left Denver with the suitcase full. How much will a thermos jug hold?" she asked.

"A hell of a lot of money," I replied.

"Well," she said, "I stuffed it full."

The F.B.I. men were sticking their spades and picks into the soft earth. Suddenly Clara said, "it's within three feet of where Mr. Urschel is standing."

Agent Spears stuck a shovel into the dirt. A metallic sound electrified the party. Two spadefuls of earth brought up a blue thermos jug. We placed it on the big pine log. Silently, we watched as the twenty-dollar bills from the jug were counted and checked on the printed list of serial numbers of the original ransom money. The tabulation showed $28,640. One bill in each pack was marked with the date and signed by Nathan, Spears, Urschel and me.

"Where is the remainder of the money?" Clara was asked by Spears.

"Down the canyon, beyond the cabin and across the creek."

Gamely and unhesitatingly, the frail blonde woman led us down the stream through briars and tangled brush. When sixty paces below the cabin, she pointed across the canyon and said we would find the money ten paces from a certain burned stump of a giant pine.

Six of the men waded the icy stream and began digging. An hour's work brought no results. The facility with which we had located and uncovered the thermos jug with the $28,640 inspired us with confidence that Clara was playing fair. Two hours arduous work availed nothing. Clara was obviously worried. She walked back the trail a short distance to an elevation and looked about so that she could more accurately locate the exact spot. She apologetically explained that she had hidden the money

"Sure I got an alibi, sheriff—that's the day I shot ole Jed Potter out on the mesa."

about sunset one evening and hurriedly leaving had noted the spot from this point on the north side of the canyon. After a few moments she said, "I'm mistaken. It's by one of those two big stumps just west of where they were looking."

THE work was renewed with zest. Hour after hour passed, tons of earth were moved—no money. Urschel and I were due to appear in court at 9 a.m., and arrived at 2 p.m. We explained the delay to the United States Commissioner and gave our evidence. We then hurriedly filled two cars with groceries, blankets, flashlights and flares, were joined by more F.B.I. men and raced back to the canyon to continue the search throughout the night.

Meanwhile, Clara Feldman, completely exhausted, was taken to Portland. No trace of the money was found.

In relays we worked, but to no avail. Next morning we confronted Clara with a curt accusation:

"You made fools of us. You took us directly to the cache you planted. You did your utmost to show us the spot where the other money is buried, but you don't know. You didn't bury it yourself, did you? Someone else buried it for you and told you where to find it; a forest fire has changed the scenery and you'll never find it. Who *did* bury the money?"

"Alvin Scott," she said.

Scott was brought in and finally agreed to try to show us the place. The automobile accident had left a five inch crack in his skull and we feared the exertion of following the arduous trail to the buried treasure would incapacitate him.

Again we left Portland with Harold Nathan, Spears and the other F.B.I. men. Scott clambered down the precipices, climbed the huge logs, waded the snow-melted streams and took us to within fifty feet of where we had already moved much earth. In a gentle depression between two burned tree stumps he directed that we dig. Four spades started shoveling earth. Nothing materialized. Scott looked nonplussed. The men continued to dig, though with waning spirits. Scott asked permission to walk back the trail aways. He came back with set jaws. "It's there," he savagely asserted, though the place to which he pointed had been thoroughly probed.

"It's there," he affirmed, indicating the torn-up earth.

"Don't camouflage," said the practical Spears.

"If it hasn't been dug up by someone else it's right under Urschel's feet," gasped the now-exhausted Scott.

Urschel took one step backward and shoved his spade into the earth. He stopped transfixed, then slowly pushed the shovel deeper and brought up a glass fruit jar containing $5,700.

All of the F.B.I. men in the employ of the Government, capable as they undoubtedly are, could have thrown dirt for months and it is a one-hundred-to-one bet that that money would never have been found.

There is still approximately $78,000 of the Urschel ransom money out. If I had a tip tonight that it was buried in that same canyon I would not shovel one ounce of dirt in an effort to find it—unless the person who actually buried it led me there.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 7)

ling of large yellow beads! I yelled for my partner to come look. It was gold all right—and if we could find its main source, we were rich.

Well, folks, we didn't find it. We stayed in that camp until the last bean rattled in the pot and our shoes were worn thin. Nary another piece of float did we find, and I believe we chipped and broke thousands of them as well as chipping pieces of ledges. Just recently a chap came to me who had an idea to search for the Bullets. He asked me eagerly, "Did you hear about some prospector finding a boulder big as a barrel in that country that assayed $50,000 per ton?"

I didn't have the heart to tell him I was the guinny who'd found that boulder and that it wasn't as big as a barrel nor did it run the fabulous amount he heard. The doggone thing weighed only about ten pounds and assayed a few tenths over 850 ounces in gold for around $17,000 per ton.

That's how the big stories get started. I've often wondered since finding that boulder what kind of a yarn would have started if something had happened to my partner and me and somebody had found the pail full of highgrade in our camp? Another rich, fabulous, lost mine! After many trips back to the country

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So we got Old Joe off on the trail of a luscious blonde (he's getting too old to CATCH anything) and we're making this offer while he's gone. Steal them while we're not looking:

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where I found this rich float, I have decided that the boulder was a small rich kidney that in the past had eroded out of a vein and it was all of the pay streak.

Luck—the unpredictable kiss of the fickle Lady of Fortune—this is the factor that makes prospecting the most fascinating game in the world . . . I remember once in the Mormon Range I sat on a boulder on top of a hogback awaiting my partner, who was about fifty yards behind me and off to one side. Like any professional prospector, I looked closely at this boulder—and noticed a blackish streak two inches wide in the rock. Knocking off a chunk of the boulder, I spotted ore in the streak. I yelled for my partner. He scratched the streak in the boulder with his prospect pick—and whooped. "She's bloody ore, my boy!" he cried, as a reddish color appeared in the scratch.

It was ruby silver—assayed a little over 5,500 ounces. It was snowing heavily and almost dark, but we rolled our rich boulder down on the side of the hogback and covered it up so no other prospector could find it. Then we took off for the lower country.

Now for the payoff—the ironic kick in the pants that is the lot of so many "seekers of the gleam," as J. Frank Dobie so aptly calls us. My ruby silver is still buried up there somewhere in the wild high country. Over the past twenty-five years I have returned to the general area several times trying to find the vein and my precious boulder. No luck. Oh yes, I'll keep trying. My partner is dead now, so I may never find it again without his help. But then again I just might. Quien sabe?

Now, in closing, I would like to pass on this advice to the young prospector of today:

Look carefully at any old prospect holes you find, for you might be passing up something valuable. An old-timer told me years ago, "In my time we were not looking for the things that are good now—all we could handle was free milling gold rock and native silver." In the past few years some old prospects and small mines have paid off in other values. There is at present an intensive search on for certain minerals that the old-timers would not know or pay attention to if they met it in the middle of the canyon, for it was just muck in their day. I gave away some old claims last year that are now paying the locator big money from flourspar. I had the ground located for lead and zinc, didn't know flourspar was there, for all my mining had been for the non-ferrous metals. So, boys, take a tip and check, check and double-check those old workings and prospect holes before you pass 'em up as worthless.—Brad Stuart, Moapa, Nevada.

Many thanks, Brad, for your wonderful letter. You know, I don't think you'll discourage any of the younger prospectors at all with that priceless line about "the ironic kick in the pants" awaiting them. As you say, ol' Lady Luck is the gal who deals the cards in this most fascinating game in the world. A lot of folks will read your letter and say right off, "Deal me in!"

And Speaking of Mines . . .

Gentlemen:

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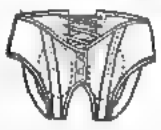

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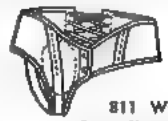

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Ranch—of that much I am certain. Beyond that all information is third and fourth hand. One such story, checked on in 1900 and told to me by an old-timer, is the following:

"Along in the 1880's a half-breed worked the mine. This breed was killed in a knife fight and when his effects were examined he was found to have about $4,000. That started folks to thinking, and it was recalled that this fellow had ridden a fine horse and seemed to have followed a regular schedule; leaving Yaqui early in the morning and returning early in the evening. Obviously, he had struck it rich somewhere within a certain radius that could be covered in a half-day's travel by a good horse. There are some pretty rough places in that country but these are averaged out by good going. Taking all this into consideration and assuming that the breed left at five in the morning and returned by seven in the evening, that would give him about fourteen hours of good traveling time.

Now this sure isn't much to go on, but I would like to calculate it as well as I can. About how far can a good horse travel in the kind of country I have described within these time limits? Perhaps some of the old-time riders can give me some basis for figuring this out. Surely an educated guess, based upon actual riding experience, would give me the help I need. Any assistance will be greatly appreciated.—Raymond Spears, 13803 Van Owen Street, Van Nuys, California

All right, you old-time hossbackers, how about giving Ray a lift? If he finds that rich strike, he might even send you a hunk of ore as a token of his appreciation.

Dear Norm:

It takes a lot to jar loose a letter to the Editor from me, but I've been deeply interested in the pro and con of lost mines, etc., since Doc Harrington spoke up. Now I can congratulate Milton Rose on his fine story in the October TW. Of course neither Dr. Harrington nor anybody else should be so naive as to think that anybody finding a pot of gold would yap his head off about it in this day of income tax sleuths. I can tell you about another finder of a lost mine who hasn't broadcast the news, though he could safely do so.

In 1946, in my small book *Lost Mines of the Old West*, I published among others the story of the Lost Lee Lode. Lee and a helper were well-known to have a good mine out of San Bernardino, California. (That was a mining town before the turn of the century and no one thought anything about it.) Ex-Governor Waterman, of California, knew Lee well, as both were mining men. Lee was murdered after leaving San B. and the helper never seen again. Waterman published an offer of $40,000 for a half interest in the lost mine, with the finder as partner. No luck. Last spring a friend took me to the Lost Lee Lode, now found and staked by him—eight claims. He has been offered $60,000 for a quarter-interest in *one* claim . . . I saw Lee's old *arrastre* post, tunnel, and Lee's rusted old money box. It contained gummy wads of what the Treasury Department says is residue of old gold certificates.

Back to Mr. Rose: He mentioned King Carlos and the date 1767. Here is a photo I made of silver bars and other treasured items—**Ed. note: See Mr. Rose's story "I Found A Lost Mine"**—with one bar apparently cast in a mold for Carlos, date 1767. The other bars were cast in adobe molds. Incidentally, I hope no one thinks I have such stuff lying around. Items like this are brought to me for photographing and taken away the same day.

You are welcome to this picture and data. TW is doing all right; keep on the right trail. An Editor generally knows more about running a magazine than kibitzers who never did and have no idea of the work, money and planning that enters into its construction. Special congratulations to Sven Skaar, too, for his thrilling Golden Lake yarn.—Howard D. Clark, Box 484, Yucca Valley, California.

Many thanks, Howard, for your letter—and especially for the photo. We'll sure try to stay on that right trail.

Howdy Folks:

Got room in "Truly Western" for another doc who is also a rock-hound? Can't let Doc Harrington take all the bows and brickbats, you know . . .

I would say offhand that the first thing you lucky gents who live out West should do is this: Take a good course in mineral identification and then start working over old prospects and mine

"Eat up all your bones so you can grow up to be a mean, skulking, cowardly coyote like your father."

dumps. You might build up a right hefty poke that way. Today there are thousands of uses for minerals that in 1925 when I was active in mining were not valuable at all. Examples:

We sold mica for three cents a pound cut and squared. Today it is invaluable due to the strategic stockpiling of materials. In North Carolina, I saw an operation where a man was scalping a dump for rare uranium minerals thrown away years ago. You can bet he was making good money at it. Another South Carolina doc is getting twenty-five dollars a pound for the stuff I once sold for three cents a pound. Over near Spruce Pine, North Carolina, a great volcanic conglomeration of feldspar was mined for many years. I imagine the dumps would produce thousands of dollars if carefully worked over for crystals, specimens, and actual rare minerals once discarded as worthless.

The same is true throughout the West. The late Doctors Earl Shannon and William F. Foshag, of the U. S. National Museum, told me of a prospect they visited on the side of the headwaters of the Grand Canyon of the Snake River, where a prospector was looking for gold and throwing pure carbonate of silver-bearing material over the dumps! Makes you wonder how much of that sort of thing is going on throughout the ore-bearing regions of the country. In short, you boys ought to keep alert for deposits of thorium, lanthamum, didymium, zircons, etc., while you're hunting those elusive Lost Breyfogels, Dutchmans, and all the other legendary lost mines. To make money prospecting these days, you have to have at least a basic knowledge of the various valuable minerals used by modern scientists. Otherwise you're like a man driving a Model-T in competition with a Caddy

I am no scientific egghead, but I admit to owning a degree in Physical Chemistry and I know that the above is true. Why, the basic crust of old Mother Earth has just been scratched as yet. Untold fortunes lie in wait for the prospector who is willing to study and learn his profession. Muscle is fine, but these days a man needs to exercise his brain cells as well to achieve success in any field. That goes double for prospecting.—Dr. Waldo H. Jones, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

What you say sure makes sense, doc. A little larnin' never hurt nobody, as my old granddaddy used to tell me. Wish I'd listened to him!

At Last! A Bouquet for Ol' Hosstail!

Dear Joe:

It's mighty good to know that you're back running TW and FT after your European trip . . . I was a-feared that maybe the Administration, having got wind of what a swell job you were doing with TW and FT, had decided to shanghai you off to those European furriners as part of our Foreign Aid program . . . Then I was more a-feared that the managers of that Frenchy Bird Cage, the Follies Bergere, wouldn't allow you to quit as the M.C. who cracks the whip when those French fillies run up and down the ramp every night. That was the *real* danger, right there!

But ye did it, Joe. Ye had the courage of your moral convictions. Ye showed more courage than those buffler hunters at the Battle of Adobe Walls by deserting the flesh-pots of gay Paree and coming back to us here in the U.S.A. and taking up again the big job of piloting the two only authentic Western magazines in the world. For which all of us tried and true TW and FT *aficionados* can breath a fervent Amen!

As long as I'm handing out twenty-one-gun salutes to you, here is one which I believe you rate more for putting out these two magazines than for anything else. Your original intent in publishing TW and later FT is to portray the West as it truly was. Right? Agreed!

But Joe—has anyone come forth with the fact that the BIGGEST thing you are doing in publishing TW and FT is that by printing such authentic material you are not only disseminating Western lore but educationally advancing American History? AND when you are doing this, you are promoting AMERICANISM—which is the answer to communism (the small letters are mine).

Thus, whether this angle is being appreciated or recognized as such, you are still rendering this country a distinct service. This country was founded, fought for and survived to expand our greatness and belief in democracy. It

(Continued on page 62)

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Ol' Number 11 Just Bit the Dust - - We've Sold it Out! And Numbers 6, 10, 14 and 19 Will Soon Follow It!

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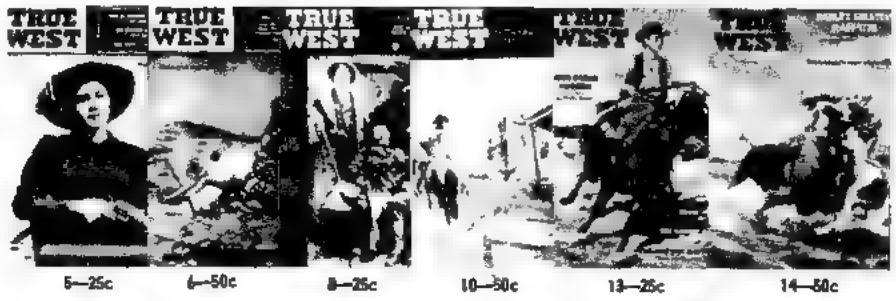
The demise of Ol' #11 brings to eight the total of back issues we're plumb out of!

To encourage only those who are keeping complete files to buy, we're upping the ante on Numbers 6, 10, 14, and 19 to four bits. And we may have to do the same with some others before too long!

The instant our supply of a back number is exhausted, many dealers and collectors charge from $1 to $5 per copy—so here's your chance to stock up while we have them—and that won't be long!



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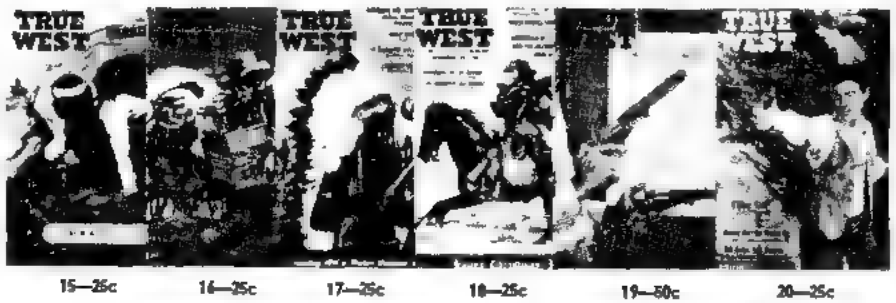

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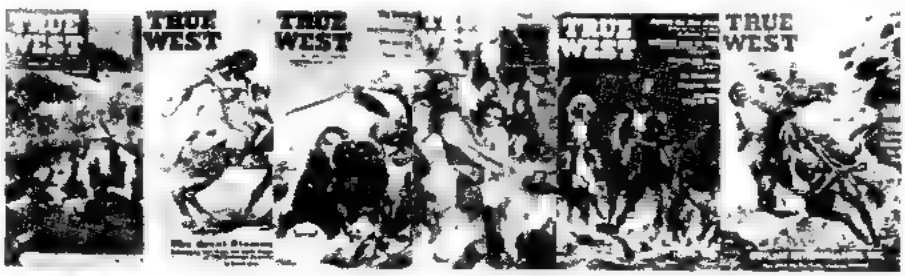

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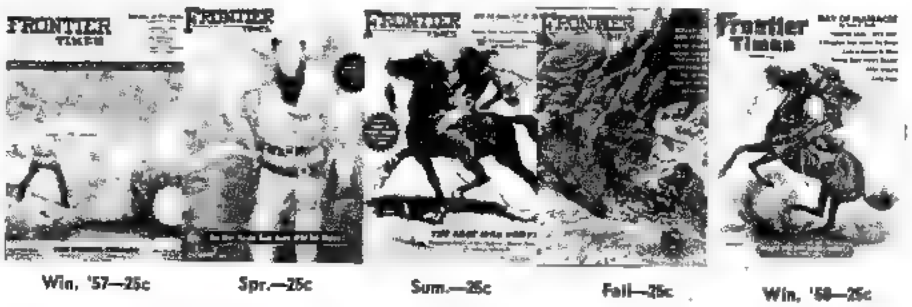

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was 100 per cent Americanism all the way that accomplished this ultimate goal. The cure for the cancer of rampant Communism is simply the revitalization of those things which made America great, a shining beacon in the darkness of fear and tyranny to which the oppressed and subjugated nations of the world look for hope and salvation.

As TW and FT are strictly American in theme, it becomes readily apparent that these publications are a wonderful contribution to our country's effectiveness in combatting any foreign isms which may be trying furtively to get across to the vast American reading populace.

I subscribe to *American Heritage*, whose material is outstanding and covers all phases and eras of American History. Your publications, of necessity by the original concept and the titles *True West* and *Frontier Times*, are restricted to Western Americana. But so what? To me, your material is as excellent and appealing as that of the *Heritage* and is an integral part of the overall picture of our entire history. Long may they wave!

I have yet another twenty-one-gun salute to fire in your honor, Joe. As you know, I have been writing for *The Ring Magazine*, edited and published by Nat Fleischer. For almost forty years Nat has included the paragraph below in every monthly issue of *The Ring*:

"*The Ring* is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of *The Ring* guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining and it is clean."

Nat Fleischer is rated the world over as "Mr. Boxing." The circulation of his magazine runs into hundreds of thousands and is world-wide. It is read and accepted as Gospel by the toughest cookies in the fight racket and yet Nat goes all out every month to make sure that if Junior should pick up a copy, he will be just as morally straight as though he were reading his little old Boy Scout's Manual.

So there are two essential factors, Joe. (1) That by publishing authentic Americana as you are, you are doing the country a service by offsetting foreign propaganda. (2) That both *True West* and *Frontier Times* are morally clean and Junior should be encouraged to read such publications, to better appreciate our country's history and the traditional Freedom and Liberty our ancestors fought to secure and preserve. The usual dry history book makes pretty dull reading for the average boy, who has only to visit the corner newsstand to get the blood-and-thunder stuff. But TW and FT are different—they are history told with a dash and verve that makes for thrilling reading even for teenagers. A subscription to these magazines will make any youngster a vigilant and far more appreciative American citizen. Believe me, that's the kind of citizen this country will need in the difficult years ahead.

What I have quoted from Fleischer's *Ring* can easily be paraphrased to apply to both *True West* and *Frontier Times* should you feel it is apropos. *I* certainly do. I further believe that the type of material you are publishing should become a part of the Library of Congress, it is just that much American and just that good.—John E. (Johnny) Seubert, 712 Wellesley Drive, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

The normal procedure, I believe, on a letter like this is for the Departmental Editor (who is old Norman B. Wiltsey—reckon what that "B" stands for?) to make some sly statement like "We're running this without old Joe knowing about it . . ." By golly, I wonder just how many people go for that stuff, anyhow? Generally, the guy getting 'posied' is the one who writes the note saying he's running the letter without hisself knowing about it—this is getting complicated. Anyhow, I don't believe a thing like that happens very often . . .

Anyhow, we generally do not print letters that sing our praises too highly, individually or for the whole works. Sure, we get them! Why I remember I got another one back in nineteen-and-something-or-other when I was back on the farm. It was from a town boy who had visited us and he said I was the best pig-slopper on the whole farm. It took me a year to remember that nobody else on that farm slopped the pigs but me.

Well, it never bothered me a bit since by that time I'd begun to excel at other things too like being the slowest cotton-picker in the country, running out (we didn't call it busting!) the crookedest middles,

and chopping down the most corn that should have been left standing. One day Papa said, "Son, we are supposed to be 'thinning' this corn—not air-conditioning the whole field!" Yes, we had air conditioning in those days. We had those big old houses with a wide breezeway between the galleries. They call them "porches" these days, I believe.

I would fire an editor for rambling like this. And, since it is possible that I could get "fired" by you readers if I keep it up, I'll try to close my gap by saying that we try to keep out all but the very best of the "bouquet" letters because you would soon get tired of "Man, True West is the best magazine on earth!" (We wouldn't, of course!) But this one was so outstanding in our estimation that we just couldn't pass it up. Thanks, Bro. Seubert—any time I can bury your money for you, take your best girl to a rodeo, or help you drink the vileness from that special bottle of Old Stomach-Eater you've been saving for ten years—man, let me know! Always ready to do any man a favor like that—especially, a person who likes you to begin with.

Seriously, thanks a lot!

About the European trip, it was sort of a business trip, but you know, try as I might, I couldn't help but enjoy it a little at that. We have an English Edition of True West **now, and a Norwegian edition**

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looming on the horizon. Germany, France and Spain are interested. Maybe even Japan. Looks like our old West has an international following.

Okay, okay, okay, OKAY! I'm shutting up—for the time being, that is!—Joe Hosstail.

Dear Joe:

I am going to add my two-bits worth to a letter written by Mrs. Joseph Nelson, 748 Kathryne Avenue, San Mateo, California; and also to a letter written by W. E. Curtis, of Big Piney, Wyoming.

I am not writing this to get my name in the Hall of Fame or in the papers, but simply to record facts about the Old West as we know it.

My father's oldest brother came to this part of the country in 1867 as a bull-team driver for Majors, Waddell and Russell. Later he drove for Gilmore and Porter, and was present at the Wagon Box Fight against the Sioux near Fort Phil Kearney. He was in the Wagon Box Corral under the command of Captain James Powell.

Father and Mother came to this part of Wyoming in 1878 and settled just west of Douglas on the Platte River. In 1883 they moved over on the North Fork of Powder River just west of the little town of Kaycee west of the old Bozeman Trail. I was born there on the North Fork of Powder River, and spent the first twenty years of my life in the Hole-in-the-Wall Valley. We knew most of the Hole-in-the-Wall boys and found them to be just like the rest of us; hard-working cowpokes and homesteaders. But if someone stepped on their toes or tried to push them around, he didn't get very far!

If you care to check up on this you can write to any of the old-timers still living in that country and they will verify it. I also have some true stories about the Indian troubles up here. If this gets by the wastebasket, I will write some of the things I know about this part of the country.

Keep *True West* as it is; a true story publication. We don't want the gun fighter angle over-emphasized. There were gun fighters in all parts of the West, but there were also honest, hard-working people and honest, sincere lawmen. Men who had a hard and dangerous job to do and did their level best to do it right. They certainly deserve to be remembered, even more than the gun-slinging badmen.

My family kept the Barnum Post Office and Stage Station for almost twenty years. That community was named for my Father and Mother and still carries the family name.

Uncle Tom tended station for the Pony Express Riders at Fort Fetterman till they were discontinued in the fall of 1869. He knew Jim Bridger, Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill, and others whose names will never be printed in history.

Well, Joe, if you print this I hope some more of the old-timers will write in with their opinions and experiences.—John Barnum, P. O. Box 392, Mills, Wyoming.

Well, John, your interesting letter got by the wastebasket okay, so we'll be looking for more of the same from you in the very near future. Best of luck!

Dear Mr. Small

May the new year bring continued success to your great Western Publications, and may it bless you and your beloved ones with much happiness.

True West and *Frontier Times* are indeed America's most loveable literary ambassadors of friendship and good will. Europe's friends of the United States of America are with you.

If I can do anything in behalf of your publications, please let me know.

Yours faithfully and with my best wishes for a Merry Christmas and for a successful New Year.—Dr. Oscar C. Pfaus, Hamburg 43, Germany.

Dear Editor,

You've got a great magazine in *True West*, and the old-timers' letters bring out a lot of little known facts that add to our knowledge of the Old West.

I have been doing some work on the Texas-New Mexico gunman Jim "Killer" Miller, and on the California hold-up man Bill Miner.

As both of these men lived well into the twentieth century there must be a number of people who still remember them. I'd sure like to hear from anyone who knew either of them.

Keep up with the good work and the best of luck to your new "brain child" *Frontier Times*. If it's as successful as *True West*, you'll click.—Colin W. Rickards, 20, Sunbury Court Island, Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex, ENGLAND.

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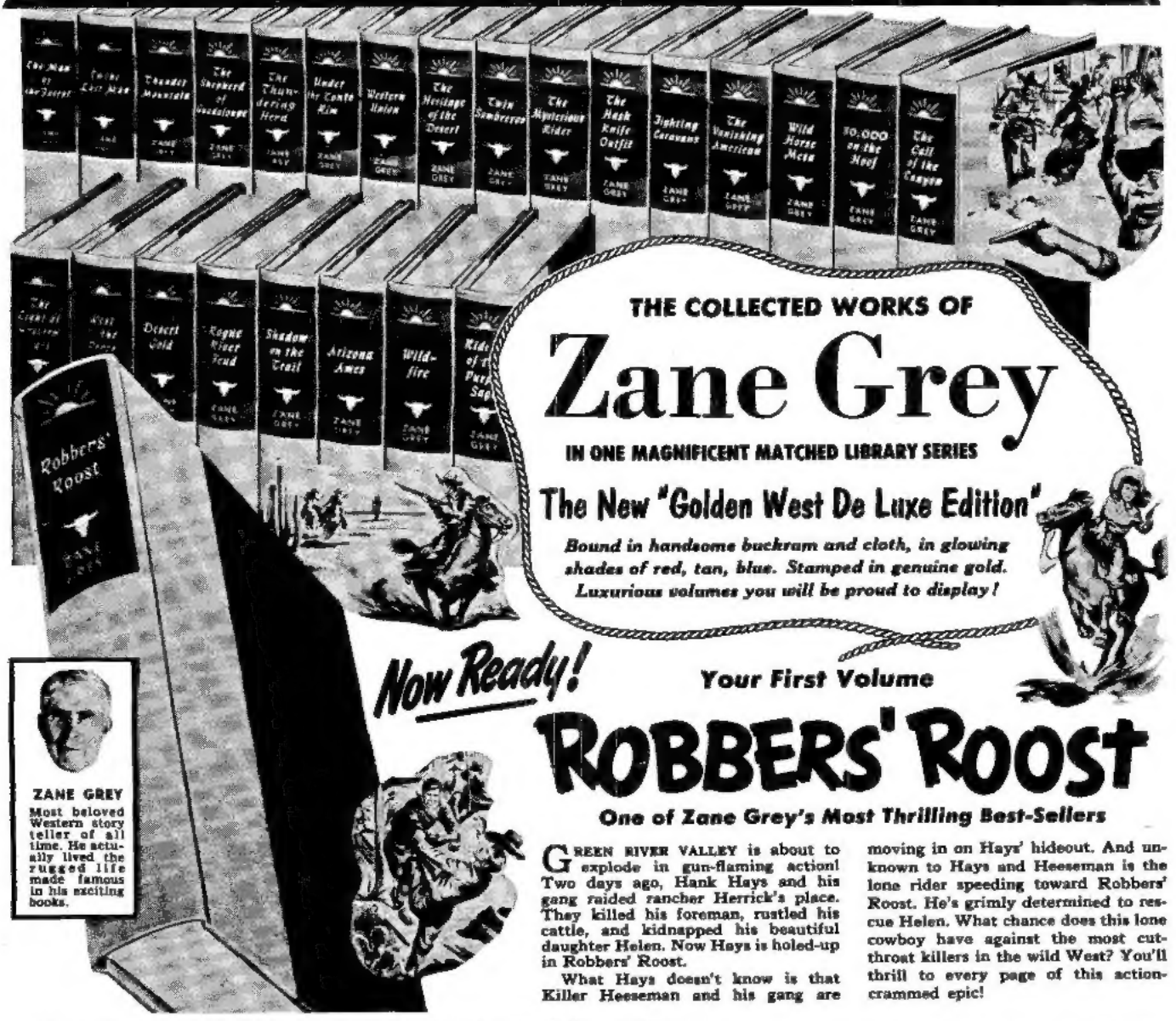

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